

SOME FINE MODEL SHIPS (Illustrated)

AUG 7 1941

# Country Life

JUNE 7, 1941

ONE SHILLING



SNOWDON FROM NEAR CAPEL CURIG

JOAN LYNE

## MISCELLANEOUS ANNOUNCEMENTS

### GENERAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

Advertisements for this column are accepted at the rate of 2d. per word prepaid (if Box Number used 9d. extra), and must reach this office not later than Wednesday morning for the coming week's issue.

All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "COUNTRY LIFE," Southampton Street, Strand, London.

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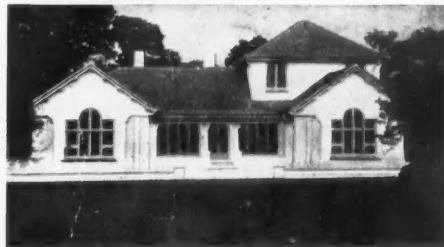


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DOUBLE GARAGE AND COTTAGE.

FINELY TIMBERED PARKLAND

ornamental and tennis lawns, flower gardens, good kitchen garden and woodland; in all about

22 ACRES

AN EXCEEDINGLY CHOICE PROPERTY WITH IMMEDIATE POSSESSION.

Recommended from personal inspection by HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1. (Ref. C.49,100A.) (Tel.: REG. 8222.)

### IDEAL FOR EVACUATION BERKS-SURREY BORDERS

23 miles town—electrified train service.

FOR SALE

### A SUBSTANTIALLY-BUILT AND LUXURIOUSLY APPOINTED RESIDENCE

Hall, 3 reception, billiard room, 12 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms, offices with servants' hall, etc.

Central heating. Co.'s electric light, power and water.

Modern drainage.

COTTAGE. GARAGE. FLAT. FINE SQUASH COURT AND GYMNASIUM. Hard Tennis Court and Swimming Pool.

BEAUTIFUL GARDENS and productive kitchen garden, in all

ABOUT 5½ ACRES

Agents: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Ref. B.48,834.) (Tel.: REG. 8222.)

### OLD-WORLD FARMHOUSE ABOUT 21 MILES FROM TOWN

Overlooking a Surrey Common.

Few minutes station with excellent service to Town.

### A CHOICE PERIOD PROPERTY with a wealth of old oak, &c.

### IN ADMIRABLE ORDER THROUGHOUT

Hall, library, lounge, dining room, 6 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, &c.

Central heating. Co.'s services, modern drainage.

COTTAGE (3 beds). STUDIO, 45ft. x 15ft. GARAGE.

CHARMING GARDENS AND GROUNDS.

OF ABOUT 2½ ACRES

Agents: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Ref. S.47,876.) (Tel.: REG. 8222.)

### In the heart of the NEW FOREST with grounds abutting on to the moor.

FOR SALE

### A CHARMING COUNTRY HOUSE

Approached through a fine old beech avenue.

Lounge 19ft. x 14ft. 7ins., drawing room 25ft. x 14ft. 6ins., dining room 24ft. 4ins. x 11ft. 9ins., smoking room 25ft. x 11ft. 9ins. Parquet floors and open fireplaces, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

GARAGE.

Central heating. Co.'s electric light and power.

LOVELY GROUNDS, walled garden, paddock.

PRICE FREEHOLD £5,000

Agents: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Ref. H.46,068.) (Tel.: REG. 8222.)

BRANCH OFFICE: HIGH STREET, WIMBLEDON COMMON, S.W.19. Tel. WIM. 0081.

'Phone: Grosvenor 2861

'Grams: "Cornishmen, London."

## TRESIDDER & CO.

77, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, W.1.

£4,000 6 ACRES

### WOULD BE LET FURNISHED CORNWALL

10 minutes walk from village, church and station.

COMFORTABLE STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE Conveniently arranged, and in excellent order. Lounge hall, 3 reception, 3 bath, 7/8 bedrooms. Main e.l. and water. Central heating. "Aga" cooker. Telephone. Garage for 2. Stable.

Well stocked gardens, etc.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (20,727.)

£5,500 9 ACRES

### WEST SURREY

South of the Hog's Back, ½-hourly bus service.

### CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE

Modernised and in excellent order. 4 reception, 3 bathrooms, 9 bedrooms. "Aga" cooker. Main e.l. and water. Central heating. Garage for 3. Lovely grounds.

Double tennis court. Kitchen garden, orchard, pasture and delightful woodland.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (14,444.)

### OFFER OF £2,500 INVITED

### LINCOLNSHIRE

1 mile village and station.

### GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

Hall, 3/4 reception, bathroom, 8/11 bed and dressing rooms. Electric light. Main water. Telephone. Garage for 2. Stables for 5.

2 ACRES GARDENS, TENNIS LAWN, Etc.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (20,719.)

### 35 UP TO 250 ACRES

### SUSSEX

### LOVELY OLD MANOR HOUSE

FULL OF OLD OAK AND OTHER FEATURES. 3 reception, 3 bathrooms, 7 bedrooms.

Electric light. New drainage. Telephone. "Aga" cooker

Stabling. Garages. 2 Excellent Cottages. Farmbuildings.

SECONDARY HOUSE (2 reception, bath, 4 bedrooms). 110 ACRES pasture, remainder arable and wood.

FOR SALE with from 35 Acres upwards.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (18,249.)

£4,500 3¼-mile Trout Fishing 65 ACRES

### DEVON—DARTMOOR

Beautiful part—3 miles Chagford

### CHARMING GRANITE-BUILT HOUSE

4 reception, billiard room, studio, 2 bathrooms, 7 bedrooms.

Electric light. Central heating. Telephone.

Garage, Stabling, Farmhouse and Buildings.

LANDSCAPE GARDENS SLOPING TO RIVER.

Bathing pool. Pasture and Arable.

Land easily let if not required.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (17,052.)

## WANTED

**URGENTLY WANTED** within 60 miles of Waterloo, Country House (7/8 bed, 2/3 bath, 3/4 reception), main services and central heating. To rent Furnished or Unfurnished, or would Buy if 20 acres upwards land included.—"M." TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1.

**WANTED TO PURCHASE** within 10/12 miles Cranleigh (distance station immaterial) nice Country House, preferably old, 5/6 bed, main services liked. Minimum 5 acres.—"S." TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1.

**WANTED TO PURCHASE**, a modernised Country House (not less than 8 bedrooms), gardens, and from 5 to 10 acres grass, within 30 miles of London (not east).—TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1.

£4,000 5 ACRES

### STAFFS—DERBY BORDERS

In pretty village, 1½ miles station.

### ATTRACTIVE GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

3 reception, 3 bath, 6 bedrooms. Main water and electricity

Central heating. Telephone.

Garage for 3. 4 loose boxes. Cottage.

Good gardens, small paddock.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (20,735.)

### 10 GUINEAS PER WEEK PLUS GARDENER

### OXON

### CHARMING OLD MANOR HOUSE

Nicely furnished; carefully modernised; central heating, electric light, etc. 4 reception, 4 bath, 8/9 bed. Garage for 2.

Stabling available.

Attractive grounds, kitchen garden, etc.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (17,879.)

### FOR SALE AT PRE-WAR PRICE

### SOMERSET

14 miles from Bath, 9 from Frome.

### ELIZABETHAN STYLE RESIDENCE

14 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bath, lounge hall, 4 reception. Garage. Ample stabling. Cottage. Naturally beautiful grounds.

Hard Tennis Court. Trout Lake.

Walled kitchen garden, orchards and paddock.

8 ACRES

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (20,378.)

£2,300

(Half can remain on Mortgage.)

### SOUTH DEVON

### ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY HOUSE

Billiard room, 2 reception, 2 bathrooms, 5 bedrooms.

Electric light. Central heating. Telephone.

Garage. Kitchen garden, orchard (4 acres land available).

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (20,581.)

Telephone No.:  
Regent 4304.

## OSBORN & MERCER

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

28b, ALBEMARLE STREET,  
PICCADILLY, W.1

### CHILTERN HILLS

In unspoilt surroundings, with fine panoramic views.  
**DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY RESIDENCE**  
approached by a carriage drive with lodge at entrance.

Lounge Hall, 3 Reception, 8 Bedrooms, Bathroom.  
Modern conveniences.

Stabling, Garage. Nicely-timbered Gardens.  
Hard Tennis Court. Paddock and Woodland.

**FOR SALE WITH 20 ACRES**

Inspected by OSBORN & MERCER. (14,191.)

### WANTED

MESSRS. OSBORN & MERCER have a very considerable number of enquiries from Buyers anxious to purchase small or medium size residential properties in the country, particularly the HOME COUNTIES.

Recent advertising of a number of such places (mostly sold very quickly) has left MESSRS. OSBORN & MERCER with many disappointed applicants, consequently they ask owners who would be interested in taking advantage of what is, without doubt, a first-class opportunity of effecting a satisfactory sale of their property, to communicate with them, giving full particulars and, if possible, photographs.

### DEVON

An attractive small Residential and Sporting Property

**UP-TO-DATE STONE-BUILT HOUSE**

with 3 reception, 10 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Main electricity.

Central heating.

Small Farm with Modern House and good Buildings.

**HALF MILE OF TROUT FISHING.**

**FOR SALE WITH 16 OR 74 ACRES.**

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER. (17,199.)

### CENTRE OF DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S HUNT

In a delightful rural district within easy reach of Malmesbury and Chippenham.  
350ft. above sea level. South aspect.

**A SMALL RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF ABOUT 160 ACRES**



with  
**A Modern House of character, well planned and up to date.**

Lounge hall, 3 reception, 12 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms.  
Electric light. Central heating.

Farmery. Fine range of stabling. 3 cottages, etc.

Charming gardens, finely timbered parks, rich old pasture, etc.

For Sale by  
OSBORN & MERCER. (17,267.)

### SUSSEX—Adjoining Golf Course.

700 ft. up with fine panoramic views over Ashdown Forest.

**A DELIGHTFUL MODERN RESIDENCE BUILT IN THE TUDOR STYLE.**

Hall, 2 reception, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Thoroughly up to date and labour saving, with all main services, central heating, lav. basins in bedrooms, etc.

Charming Gardens and Grounds, including lawns, rose and rock gardens, tennis court, kitchen garden, etc.; in all **ABOUT 2 ACRES.**

For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER. (M.1945.)



### ADJOINING A SURREY COMMON

In a high healthy position on sandy soil.

**AN ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE**

with 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

All Main services. Central heating

Delightful gardens and grounds with some

Woodland intercepted by a stream.

**ABOUT 3½ ACRES**

**FOR SALE FREEHOLD.**

Full details from OSBORN & MERCER. (M.2192.)

### UNDER 40 MILES FROM LONDON

**A Charming Old House of Character, dating from the XIIIth Century and containing many fine period features.**

3 reception, 6-7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Main services. Central heating.

Inexpensive gardens, prolific orchard, paddock, etc.

**ABOUT 8 ACRES.**

For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER. (17,160.)

### WILTS. ONLY £2,000.

About 400ft. up in an unspoilt typical Wiltshire village.

An attractive old Residence of the Cotswold style

with fine old beams, mullioned windows, etc.

Hall, 4 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, usual offices.

**Excellent water supply. Main electricity available.**

Inexpensive gardens, ornamental trees, kitchen garden, etc., in all about 1 acre.

Full details from OSBORN & MERCER. (M.2210.)

3, MOUNT STREET,  
LONDON, W.1.

## RALPH PAY & TAYLOR

Telephones:  
Grosvenor 1032-33.

**THREE INTERESTING EXAMPLES OF MODERN ARCHITECTURE FOR IMMEDIATE DISPOSAL  
ALL SITUATED WITHIN ONE HOUR'S RAIL OF LONDON**

### SEVENOAKS 4 MILES

450ft. up. Panoramic views.



**GEORGIAN STYLE**

Erected in 1924.

2 reception, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths. Main electricity and water.  
GARAGE. COMPACT FLAT. GARDENS, PASTURE, WOODLAND.

**3 ACRES**

**ONLY 3,000 GUINEAS**

(12,667.)

### LONDON 34 MILES

County Town 6 miles. Station 2 miles.



**ELIZABETHAN—CLEVER COPY**

Panelled Lounge Hall—a feature.

2 reception, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. All services. Central heating.

GARAGES and COTTAGE.

ATTRACTIVE GARDENS AND MEADOW

**7 ACRES**

**ONLY 4,000 GUINEAS**

Would let furnished or unfurnished. (12,666)

### CHILTERN HUNDREDS

Between Chorley Wood and Chipperfield.



**DISTINCTIVE RED-BRICK**

Designed by Architect 15 years ago.

2 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom. Main water and electricity. Central heating.

GARAGE AND LONG DRIVE APPROACH.

GARDENS AND LARGE FIELD

**NEARLY 5 ACRES.**

**5,000 GUINEAS**

(12,717.)

EACH OF THESE HOUSES HAS BEEN PERSONALLY INSPECTED AND IS RECOMMENDED WITH EVERY CONFIDENCE BY MESSRS.  
RALPH PAY AND TAYLOR (as above).

### INTERESTING LANDED ESTATES AND FARMS FOR INVESTMENT

#### FAVOURITE HOME COUNTY

Within 50 miles of London.

**FINE RESIDENTIAL AGRICULTURAL AND SPORTING ESTATE**

of nearly

**2,000 ACRES**

All let and producing a

**SUBSTANTIAL INCOME**

VALUABLE WOODLANDS

#### DEVONSHIRE

At the head of a well-known Valley.

**FINE RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE of about**

**485 ACRES**

Historical Residence. Long, low type, modernised at great expense. 3 FARMS. 2 sets of Modernised Buildings. 6 Cottages.

**FOR SALE AS A WHOLE WITH POSSESSION OR WOULD BE DIVIDED**

OWNER WOULD REMAIN ON AS A TENANT ON A 4 PER CENT. BASIS

Details of RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above.

#### IN A MUCH SOUGHT AFTER AGRICULTURAL COUNTY

**BLOCK OF FARMS EXTENDING TO NEARLY**

**1,000 ACRES**

Let to show a good return.

**A SOUND INVESTMENT**

Particulars of the above and other ESTATES, FARMS, ETC., FOR INVESTMENT OR OCCUPATION, apply RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, 3, Mount Street, W.1



# GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

Telephone No.:  
Grosvenor 1553 (4 lines).

(ESTABLISHED 1778)

25, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

And at  
Hobart Place, Eaton Sq.,  
68, Victoria Street,  
Westminster, S.W.1.

## NORTH HAMPSHIRE

Fine position. 6 miles Basingstoke.



### GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

With Southerly views over private park.  
10 bed, 4 bath, 3/4 reception rooms. Main e.l. Good water.  
Stabling. Garage.  
ATTRACTIVE GROUNDS  
Tennis court, walled kitchen garden, orchard and meadow land.

**75 ACRES FOR SALE**  
**WOULD BE LET FURNISHED FOR SUMMER**  
GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (C.3054.)

## TO BE LET FURNISHED

(at 5 guineas per week to include plate and linen.)  
**HIGH UP WITH CHARMING VIEWS**



In a reception area, 32 miles of London.

**17th CENTURY COTTAGE RESIDENCE**  
With all main services and modern conveniences, such as fitted basins in bedrooms, electric water heater and ideal boiler, downstairs cloakroom. 3 RECEPTION, 5 BED AND DRESSING, BATH, ETC. GARAGE FOR 2 CARS. TOOL SHED, etc.

**1 1/2 ACRES OF GARDENS AND GROUNDS**  
Further particulars of GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, London, W.1. (A.2817.)

## BERKS HISTORIC ABBEY

Dating from 14th and 16th centuries.

**FOR SALE FREEHOLD**



**THIS MAGNIFICENT OLD RESIDENCE**, having fine Banqueting Hall with Minstrels' Gallery, 7 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, usual offices. Garage. Lovely old grounds with frontage to river. 2 cottages, etc.

In all about **7 ACRES**

All particulars and price of GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (C.4961.)

44, ST. JAMES'S  
PLACE, S.W.1.

# JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK

AGENTS FOR THE HOME COUNTIES, THE SHIRES  
AND SPORTING COUNTIES GENERALLY

Telephone:  
Regent 0911

## 10 MILES FROM NEWBURY



**OF TUDOR ORIGIN**, modernised and in first-rate order. Away from noise of road traffic and railways, omnibus passes property. Lounge hall and 3 sitting rooms, 6 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom. Electric light, independent hot water system (new). Garage and stabling.

**ABOUT 4 ACRES**

**PRICE £3,750 FREEHOLD** (with vacant possession).  
Including major portion of the furniture.  
JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R.19,821.)

## CLOSE TO THE WILTSHIRE DOWNS



**GEORGIAN COUNTRY RESIDENCE**, about 500ft. above sea level, amidst unspoiled surroundings, commanding lovely views of the Downs. Near village and omnibus service. Excellent sporting district. Lounge hall and 3 sitting rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms and magnificent cellars. Electric light; partial central heating; constant hot water. Stabling; garage. 2 Cottages.

**ABOUT 20 ACRES**

Inspected and recommended by Owner's Agents: Messrs. JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1 (L.R.19,671.)

## SOMERSET



**FOR SALE**

With early vacant possession.

**65 ACRES: FARMERY, 2 COTTAGES**—A most comfortable COUNTRY RESIDENCE, situated in one of the most lovely spots in this favourite county; everything in first-rate order. The Residence is surrounded by well-timbered gardens which, in turn, are encircled by park-like lands; 3 sitting rooms, 8 bedrooms (lavatory basins), 2 bathrooms; electric light and central heating; stabling and garage, farmery, 2 superior cottages. **PRICE FREEHOLD £27,500.** A really attractive proposition. Sole Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R.11,359.)

Telephone:  
Grosvenor 2252  
(6 lines)

# CONSTABLE & MAUDE

2, MOUNT STREET, LONDON, W.1

## WILTSHIRE

### EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE ESTATE IN MINIATURE

2 halls, 4 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Every convenience and comfort.  
Garage. Stabling. 2 Lodges. Lovely gardens and park.

**ABOUT 84 ACRES FREEHOLD FOR SALE**

Sole Agents:  
CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

## SURREY

25 miles from London.

### A SUPERB HALF-TIMBERED HOUSE

Dating from the 15th century.

Entrance hall, magnificent galleried dining hall, 2 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms. Excellent offices. Main water, central heating. Lodge. Cottage. LOVELY OLD GARDENS.

**ABOUT 20 ACRES**

**FOR SALE, OR WOULD BE LET FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED.**

Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

## IDEAL FOR LARGE COMMERCIAL ORGANISATION LARGE WEST COUNTRY MANSION

containing about 40 bedrooms and ample bathrooms. Several cottages.

**ABOUT 200 ACRES**

**FREEHOLD FOR SALE PRIVATELY, WITH THE FURNITURE.**

Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

## NORTH DEVON

### A DELIGHTFUL RESIDENCE

In a secluded position, containing hall, 4 reception rooms, 14 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Electric light. Ample water.

GARAGES. STABLING.  
Beautiful gardens and woodland, with long sea frontage.

**100 ACRES. PRICE £6,000**

OR WOULD BE LET FURNISHED.

For Sale.—Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

## BERKSHIRE

SUITABLE FOR A SCHOOL OR OFFICES.

### ATTRACTIVE SQUARE-BUILT HOUSE

containing 4 reception rooms, billiard room, conservatory, 17 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms; usual offices, including servants' hall. Also 5 rooms in semi-basement. Lodge. Excellent stabling. Garage for 3 cars. Chauffeur's quarters. In all about 6 Acres.

**PRICE £15,000**

A further 16 Acres including a model farmery and 4 cottages can be had if required.

Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

## SOMERSET

### AN ATTRACTIVE JACOBAN-STYLE HOUSE

with stone tiled roof, in perfect order.

Hall, 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 12 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Central heating. Main electric light and power.

Garage. Stabling. 2 cottages.

Excellent gardens. Walled kitchen garden.

**ABOUT 12 ACRES**

**FOR SALE FREEHOLD**

Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

## SHOOTINGS, FISHERIES, ETC.

**WANTED IN SCOTLAND** Shooting over 10,000 acres. Grouse and various. Stags and Salmon Fishing. Must be cheap for cash under existing circumstances.—Box "A.710," c/o COUNTRY LIFE Offices, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2.

**HAMPSHIRE & SOUTHERN COUNTIES**  
17, Above Bar, Southampton. **WALLER & KING, F.A.I.**  
Business Established over 100 years.

## LAND, ESTATES AND OTHER PROPERTIES WANTED

**PRIVATE PURCHASER** requires country house 10/15 miles radius Luton. Minimum requirements:—Large lounge, 3 bedrooms, modern bathroom, garage, 1 acre. Secluded position preferred. Up to £3,000 for first class property. Owners or agents please send full particulars.—ADVERTISER, 254, Stockingstone Road, Luton, Beds.

**SALISBURY & DISTRICT.**—ESTATE AGENTS  
**MYDDELTON & MAJOR, F.A.I., SALISBURY.**

**NORTH WALES:**—Detached Freehold RESIDENCE for Sale. Three sitting rooms, 4 bedrooms, box room, excellent situation, nice garden; electric light and power, gas; occupation at once. Also a semi-detached house with 5 bedrooms. — T. BRACKSTONE & Co., Estate Agents, Colwyn Bay.

**LEICESTERSHIRE AND ADJOINING COUNTIES**  
**HOLLOWAY, PRICE & CO.,**  
(ESTABLISHED 1809.) **MARKET HARBOUROUGH.**  
**LAND AGENTS, AUCTIONEERS, VALUERS**  
**PROPERTY MANAGEMENT VALUATIONS FOR PROBATE**

5, MOUNT STREET,  
LONDON, W.1.

## CURTIS & HENSON

Telephones :  
Grosvenor 3131 (3 lines).  
ESTABLISHED 1875.

### GLOUCESTERSHIRE AND WILTSHIRE BORDERS

*A few miles south-west of Malmesbury.*

Ivy and creeper clad, stone-built residence,  
300ft. above sea level and over 200 yards  
from a quiet road.

Lodge and drive. 4 reception rooms.  
Domestic offices. 11 bedrooms, 4 bath-  
rooms.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

CENTRAL HEATING.

Garage for 4 cars. Stabling includes loose  
boxes for 25 horses.



1 mile from Fishing in the River Avon. GOLF, HUNTING AND POLO.  
CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1.

FARMERY FOR ABOUT 30 CATTLE.

GROUND OF ABOUT  
5 ACRES

Lawns, 2 walled gardens, 3 cottages,  
ALSO 130 ACRES OF PASTURE AND  
25 ACRES OF ARABLE LAND.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

#### SUSSEX

*Near Rudgwick.*



#### QUEEN ANNE MANOR HOUSE

*Built of old mellow bricks and tiled roof. Near to village and  
convenient to Horsham.*

5 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms.  
*Company's electric light and water. Central heating.*  
Stabling. Garage and Outbuildings. Gymnasium.  
Entrance Lodge and 2 Cottages. Squash Racquet Court.  
Old world gardens. Hard and grass tennis courts. Excellent  
kitchen garden. Orchard, pasture and woodland, in all  
nearly

72 ACRES. TO LET FURNISHED.  
CURTIS & HENSON, 5 Mount Street, W.1. (13,801.)

#### WILTSHIRE

*Salisbury 12 miles.*

*In the beautiful Vale of Wylve.*

#### CHARMING MANOR FARM- HOUSE

*Built about 1580. 1½ miles from station.*

3 reception rooms, servants' sitting-room, 8 bedrooms,  
2 bathrooms. Central heating. Main electric light and  
water supply. Garage and cottage. Walled kitchen garden.

TO LET FURNISHED AT A MODERATE  
RENT

EARLY POSSESSION

Excellent Fishing for 1½ miles in the River Wylve.

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,188.)

#### SOMERSETSHIRE

*Yeovil 7 miles.*



#### STONE-BUILT MANOR HOUSE

*with old mullioned windows, standing in finely timbered  
grounds.*

3-4 reception rooms, 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, model offices  
*Electric light. Main water. GARAGE AND STABLING.*  
Gardener's cottage.

CHARMING GARDENS AND GROUNDS  
interspersed with specimen timber trees, walled kitchen  
garden and pastureland; in all about 9½ ACRES.

PRICE £3,250 FREEHOLD

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,325.)

## F. L. MERCER & CO.

SPECIALISTS IN THE DISPOSAL OF COUNTRY ESTATES AND HOUSES

SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1.

Telephone: REGENT 2481

### ONE OF THE MOST ATTRACTIVE SMALL ESTATES IN OXFORDSHIRE

FOR SALE WITH EARLY POSSESSION AT A TEMPTING  
PRICE

*Just over 1 hour from London. Amidst charming surroundings. Quiet and secluded.*  
A modern residence of attractive architectural style, planned on two floors only and  
approached by a drive.

Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, drawing room or music room, 9 bed and dressing  
rooms, 3 bathrooms.

Central heating. Main electricity, gas and water.

2 GARAGES. GARDENER'S COTTAGE.

Really lovely gardens and grounds with a choice collection of trees and shrubs. 2 tennis  
courts. Fruit and vegetable garden.

4 ACRES FREEHOLD

Agents: F. L. MERCER & CO., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in  
Sackville Street). Tel.: Regent 2481.

### A CHARMING SMALL ESTATE IN SURREY

Close to the Famous Walton Heath Golf Course.

*On high ground. Adjacent to extensive commons. Lovely views.*

Exceptionally well equipped modern residence. Beautifully appointed and in splendid  
condition.

4 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms.

Central heating and every modern convenience.

GARAGE FOR 4 CARS. STABLING. 3 COTTAGES.

The lovely gardens form an ideal setting for the picturesque house without being costly  
to maintain. They are protected by a miniature park.

FOR SALE WITH 20 ACRES FREEHOLD OR WOULD BE  
DIVIDED

Agents: F. L. MERCER & CO., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in  
Sackville Street). Tel.: Regent 2481.

### PERFECT SECLUSION ON THE HERTS AND BUCKS BORDERS

300ft. up on the Chiltern Hills.  
Between Berkhamsted and  
Chesham. 1 hour London.

An Old-World  
BLACK AND WHITE  
FARMHOUSE

Luxuriously Modernised  
IN PERFECT ORDER AND READY  
TO STEP INTO.

The accommodation, entirely on 2 floors,  
comprises:

3 RECEPTION.  
8 BEDROOMS.  
4 BATHROOMS.

Main Electric Light and  
Water.



2 GARAGES WITH GAMES ROOM  
OVER. STABLING.

OLD-WORLD GARDENS

with fine holly hedges,  
with orchard and paddocks.

8 ACRES FREEHOLD

Just in the Market for Sale

Illustrated particulars from the Joint  
Sole Agents: Messrs. STUART HEPBURN  
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adapted from old oast houses and barn.  
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In perfect order.

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SPECIAL OFFER. OXON-BANBURY. Dairy Farm,  
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Shooting. Fishing. Riding.

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Co.'s electricity and water. Central heating. Easily kept  
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IT COST £12,000. TO-DAY'S PRICE £4,000

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Cottage only required for occupation.—Box "A.720," c/o  
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ON THE FRINGE OF EXMOOR

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### AN IDEAL SMALL RESIDENTIAL SPORTING AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE

of about

**234 ACRES,**

perfect in every detail

2 MILES OF DOUBLE BANK TROUT  
FISHING AND TROUT HATCHERY,  
with Fishing Hut overlooking the river.

Superb situation 750ft. above sea level with  
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Modernised Devonshire Farmhouse, upon  
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3 reception rooms, 9 principal and 4  
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Electric light. Automatic oil-fired central  
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Excellent water supply. Badminton Court.  
Hard Tennis Court. Delightful Gardens.  
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APPROACHED BY A DRIVE THROUGH  
WELL-TIMBERED PARKLIKE LAND.

6 BEDROOMS.

DRESSING ROOM.

3 ATTICS.

BATHROOM.

4 RECEPTION ROOMS.



ELECTRIC LIGHT.

GARAGE.

5 LOOSE BOXES and AMPLE OUT-  
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c.2

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GARAGE (for 3) with chauffeur's cottage; also LODGE with bath.

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3 RECEPTION, 5 BED  
AND DRESSING  
ROOMS, BATHROOM.

Electric light and  
modern conveniences.

Well laid out garden  
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garden, fruit trees.

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c.4

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3 reception rooms, 6  
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Complete offices.

Servants' hall. Central  
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Good water. Garage  
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buildings.

FASCINATING  
PLEASURE  
GROUNDS arranged in  
terraces, with wide her-  
baceous borders, lawn,  
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bordering a



SMALL TROUT STREAM where ¼-lb. trout have been caught.

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**MODERN RESIDENCE**

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Central heating throughout.

All fittings are of the best quality.

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Smaller Garage.

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 herbaceous borders, terraces, small  
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**5 ACRES**

**BEAUTIFUL NEW FOREST**

Situated well away from the road amidst delightful surroundings. South aspect. Gravel soil.

**FOR SALE FREEHOLD****THIS VERY ATTRACTIVE  
COMPACT****MODERN RESIDENCE**

Built in the Manor House style and  
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 room (20ft. by 16ft., with oak beams  
 and partly oak paneled).

Servants' Hall.

Good Domestic Offices.



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MAIN WATER.

ELECTRICITY AND GAS.

CENTRAL HEATING.  
 (Independent boiler.)

**EXCELLENT ENTRANCE LODGE**

(suitable for a gentleman's residence,  
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 Grounds. Productive kitchen garden,  
 oak copse, good pastureland, heather  
 land; the whole extending to an area of  
 about

**37 ACRES**

**DORSET**

Situate on high ground overlooking a popular Golf Course.

**FOR SALE FREEHOLD****A SOUNDLY CONSTRUCTED  
MODERN RESIDENCE**

containing

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(all fitted with basins, h. and c. water).

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2 SITTING ROOMS.

LOGGIA.



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**ORNAMENTAL AND  
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HEATHLAND.

In all about

**3-OF-AN-ACRE**

**PRICE £2,500**

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Within easy walking distance of a popular 18-hole Golf Course. 8 miles from Bournemouth.

Standing well back from the road on  
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**A PICTURESQUE  
SUBSTANTIALLY BUILT  
FREEHOLD RESIDENCE**

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 in 1902, all rooms enjoying maximum  
 amount of sunshine.

The accommodation comprises 4 princi-  
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 kitchen and offices.



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Company's gas and water. Main  
 electricity.

Constant hot water supply.

Garage with inspection pit.

Beautifully timbered grounds with a  
 splendid variety of shrubs, rhododen-  
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 garden, the whole extending to an area  
 of about

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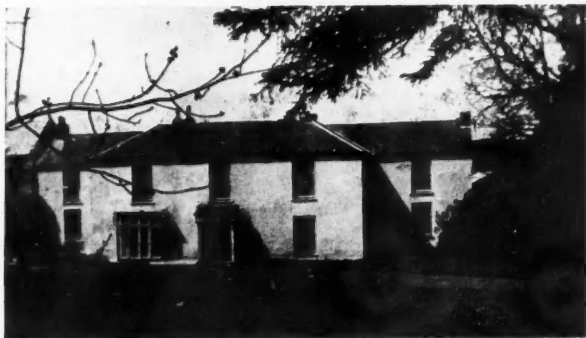
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62/64, BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1

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c.4

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Entrance hall, 3 large reception rooms, 7 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms. Complete offices.

Garage for 3 cars. Good bungalow.

Electric light. Excellent water.

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*In a quiet hamlet with local buses to station 1½ miles and market town 5 miles.*



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3 reception, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Electricity and water. Garage and outbuildings. Lovely old grounds of about

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FREEHOLD £3,500.

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TELEPHONE: PUTNEY 3271 (FOUR LINES)

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The slow, maturing process of time plays its part in the production of that other Notable Number—Player's No. 3. Mellowness, distinctive flavour and finer quality—these characteristics are achieved through studied maturing of selected leaf.

PLAYER'S **NUMBER 3**  
EXTRA QUALITY CIGARETTES

PLAIN OR  
CORK TIPS  
20 FOR 1/10  
50 FOR 4/6  
50 TINS  
(plain only) 4/7

# COUNTRY LIFE

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1941

Vol. LXXXIX. No. 2316



MISS GILLIAN DEARMER

Miss Dearmer is the elder daughter of the late Dr. Percy Dearmer and Mrs. Dearmer, and her engagement to Sub-Lt. Richard Graham Addis, R.N.V.R., youngest son of Sir Charles Addis, K.C.M.G., and Lady Addis, was recently announced. Miss Dearmer, a Junior Commander A.T.S., is *Officier de Liaison* between the War Office and the *Corps Féminin* of the Free French Forces

# COUNTRY LIFE

OFFICES : 2-10, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.2.

Telegrams : "COUNTRY LIFE," LONDON. Telephone : TEMPLE BAR 7351

Advertisements : TOWER HOUSE, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, W.C.2. Telephone : TEMPLE BAR 4363

"Country Life" Crossword No. 593 p. xix.

**POSTAL CHARGES.**—The Editor reminds correspondents and contributors that any communications requiring a reply must be accompanied by the requisite stamps. Notice is given that MSS. submitted will not be returned unless this condition is complied with.

POSTAGES ON THIS ISSUE : INLAND 2½d., CANADA 1½d., ABROAD 2½d.

## HOME STRATEGY

THE organisation of an army for warfare and in warfare, as all of us know and many have found to their cost, is perhaps the most difficult of human tasks. But there are certain prime necessities which no bungler could overlook. The first is unity of command. In the recent debate on the Fire Fighting Bill the Home Secretary declared that the reason why we must rationalise the fire brigades of this country was that fire fighting was now a military operation; an observation which might have been made a very long time ago. Now that it is made, let us face its implications. It is realised at last that the courage, patience and endurance of our people—particularly those who have been actively engaged on the Home Front since the war began—are not enough, even though they are the admiration of the world. We must have an active and integral organism, comparable with the finest organised and disciplined armies military genius has ever produced. What is the present situation? The Select Committee on National Expenditure has just produced a Report on the subject of our Civil Defence organisations as they exist to-day. The Committee have taken evidence from the Regional Commissioners and the regional officers of the Ministry of Home Security and the Ministry of Health all over the country. In the course of their visits they have taken local evidence in such devastated cities as Cardiff and Liverpool. They have heard the evidence of the Ministries jointly concerned in Home Defence, and here are some of the things they say: "The most serious consequences of the division of responsibility are at the level of the central Departments. . . . the major defect has been the failure to see the problems of Civil Defence as a whole." "The impracticability of the division of responsibility for operations was realised from the outset and the responsibility is entirely in the hands of the Regional Commissioners. . . . But generally the functions of the Commissioners are limited to the functions for which the Minister of Home Security is responsible and the functions of the Minister of Health lie outside his jurisdiction." "No doubt a Commissioner may be able to secure by tactful collaboration an effective co-ordination between the two Departments in the Region as if he had formal powers." One wonders how much "tactful collaboration" the most responsible officers of the Crown outside the Central Government are expected to spend on reconciling the professionally irreconcilable!

At the level of administration, the Select Committee admit, a small measure of unification of control has been achieved through the delegation by the Ministry of Health to Regional Commissioners of a finger in one or two of their pies. Others, who know the facts, are inclined to agree with the cruder statement of a writer in *The Times* that it is high time we ceased the futile attempt to force war needs through the bottle-neck of local government. "How much longer," he asked, "are we to keep up the pretence that daily invasion from the air crashing down on our large cities can be treated as a new department of local government and tacked on to normal peace administration?" We shall at least all agree that our defensive machinery should be made at once more simple, flexible and authoritative. This means not only unifying departmental control but cutting away the tangles of competing local bodies. Nobody who knows the facts will hesitate to agree that among local authorities a spirit of co-operation is the exception rather than the rule, or that there are many imaginative town clerks and self-sufficient public assistance officers who, thinking to concentrate all sorts of ovel powers in their own hands, have enlisted help which

proved pitifully inadequate to the grim task which had to be faced. Incidentally it is worth noting that among the recommendations of the Select Committee is one that "when parties are sent from one area to another by way of reinforcement, there should be someone to direct them where to go and to take charge of them at the incident." This surely shows the present measure of co-operation between local organisations.

Where does the remedy lie? The Select Committee thinks that the proposal that Civil Defence should be the responsibility of a single Ministry has much in its favour, securing, as it would, the energies of a single Minister unburdened with other responsibilities. The plan has much to recommend it, as we have already pointed out, but equally important seems to be the delegation of further and active powers to the Regional Commissioners. The Committee suggests that they should be given the whole of the administration of all the Civil Defence functions of the Ministry of Health. But there is need for more than that. It has always been understood that in time of invasion the Commissioners would have very large powers indeed. But a General who began to enjoy his command only when the enemy attacked in force would be hamstrung from the first. So far no Commissioner has been authorised to apply his powers to plans before air attack or on the problems of food, evacuation and transport that arise afterwards. There is no apparent reason why the Commissioner should not be able to pool any predetermined area as an administrative unit in case of emergency and to pool the resources of local government under his own authority. The only objection raised is that it might spell the end of local government. As Commander King-Hall has pointed out, the transfer of powers from local authorities to new organisations is necessary in order to win the war and preserve local government. And from the point of view of the authorities—and those who pay for their work—it is of the greatest advantage that at a time when the burdens of war fall upon them so unequally, the responsibility, financial as well as administrative, should be as much as possible that of the Central Government.

## JAMMING THE FRUIT CROP

THERE is widespread uneasiness at the unsatisfactory policy of the Food Ministry on surplus fruit. People who have been at the expense, in money and labour, of growing fruit, naturally want to see something for it in the way of jam. Yet not only are they told that they cannot make it themselves, but must sell their surplus at an, as yet, unstated price to be paid in the following December, but they will be denied any preferential treatment—in the form of precedence or price—in obtaining the preserved fruits of their own labour. They would be more willing to gather it, or get it gathered, for what will no doubt prove to be a few pence per pound, if they felt sure that the price offered will be the genuine market price, and that waste has been really eliminated. As it is, many growers are frankly saying that the price they are likely to get will barely cover the cost of picking their fruit and transporting it to the preserving centres, let alone the fruit itself and the cost of such jam as they are allowed. So they will be tempted to let it rot. If there is a shortage of some fruits, there is at present nothing to prevent the jam Combines from buying up all that the village preserving centres make and cornering the market, as has been the case with canned fruits. The country will accept full Government control, with appropriate penalties on waste and the guarantee that the entire crop is put to some use. But it is rightly suspicious of an arrangement that makes costings impossible and a ramp not improbable.

## THE CENTRAL REGISTER

THE amusing correspondence in the columns of *The Times* with regard to the misdeeds and delinquencies of the "Central Register" Department of the Ministry of Labour may have served some purpose in revealing certain genuine grounds of complaint. The correspondence began with a letter modestly signed "Ignotus" but immodestly declaring that "I have been in Government service for 30 years; I am a Knight of one Order and Companion of another; my last salary in Government service was about £5,000 a year; my history is recorded in most books of reference." The writer then went on to complain that after offering his services to the Government and giving the Central Register a full account of his qualifications he received after delay only a "standardised form" and a multiplicity of outsize envelopes which seemed to involve great waste of paper and time. Further, the form was irrelevant, and useless for anyone who was "not expert in writing the Lord's Prayer on a sixpence." To this broadside Professor A. V. Hill, now one of the Burgesses of Cambridge University, made a spirited and good-humoured reply, defending the Register and saying that when the President of the Royal Society, Sir William Bragg, O.M., and when Sir Arthur Sherrington, O.M., applied to be enrolled, they gladly filled up their two forms "not because even they supposed that they were unknown, but because their modesty demanded that they should be uniform with their colleagues." Such matters of behaviour aside, there can be no doubt that the conception of this Register of volunteers with technical and professional qualifications is a thoroughly sound one. The important question is whether full use of it is being made.





WHITSUNDAY PASTORAL :  
DAMSON BLOSSOM IN WESTMORLAND

#### F.M., K.C., F.R.S.

THE Field-Marshal's baton which the King has conferred upon General Smuts will delight everyone in every part of the British Empire, which possesses no greater, more devoted or more eloquent servant. Of all those who are alive to-day there can be scarcely one who has made more sure of his enduring niche in the hall of fame. This, his latest honour, will give particular pleasure to those who love to search for unique records in the by-ways of history. Has there been, for instance, any other man who, having fought valiantly for his own country against the British Army, has attained the highest possible rank in that Army? Another question is as to the number of field-m Marshals who have been at Oxford or Cambridge, and here at any rate is one from Cambridge and from Christ's. A third concerns General Smuts's astonishingly varied assortment of distinctions. Lord Roberts was the only man to have after his name the proud combination of letters V.C. and O.M. Now here is another soldier who, besides P.C. and F.M., is at once K.C. and F.R.S., letters that we do not normally associate with military greatness. The first combination may occur again, but the second will probably remain unique for ever.

#### DE SENECTUTE

Though I grow old, my mind shall not decline  
To sheer senility. I will not lose  
Faith in the forward view. Rather, new clues  
Shall lead me on that path whose beacons shine,  
Guides through life's devious maze to truths divine,  
Keen as in youth. They their old age misuse  
Who live but in the past, and while they muse  
Decay, unfragrant as old lees of wine.

I will look ever onward. Spring is here;  
I share the gladness of the wakening year.  
Bold snowdrops, piercing rime, and crocus fire,  
Hazels, red-tufted, shallows pawed with gold,  
Birds thrilling joy in high ethereal quire  
Rejoice my eager heart—though I grow old.

E. W. HENDY.

#### NEED FOR A NEGATIVE POLICY

PHOTOGRAPHS have become so much part of daily life that it is only just beginning to be generally realised that they also constitute the material of the nation's historic records. The National Buildings Record, in its few months' existence, has begun a great work that recognises the value of photographs of important buildings, some of which have already perished. Good photographs enable posterity to recover not only the details but the very atmosphere of a building. It is possible to conceive of a whole realm of culture in the distant future depending entirely on centuries-old photographs, long after the things they record have disappeared. We are only at the beginning of photography—it has scarcely been in existence a century. It is therefore of profound importance that these fragile but potentially enduring records should be most carefully preserved. But much more valuable than the photographic print is the negative plate. That is the fundamental source of record, not only of architecture, but of events, personalities, indeed the life of the recent past. Yet no steps are being taken to safeguard these: they are stacked in the photographers' offices or houses, and already very large collections of negatives, going back a generation and more, have been destroyed. It should be most strongly urged, even in these critical times, that national safe deposits of selected negatives should be established. After the war these collections would form a valuable central reference library of photographs which could be equipped with the appropriate indexes, processing shops, and so on, and become both self-supporting and a source of copyright income to those who have deposited their negatives. An alternative, or supplementary, method of safeguarding pictorial records is by duplicating a selection by micro-photography, so long as the micro-films are preserved. The National Buildings Record ought to be endowed with sufficient means to safeguard its pioneer record by one of these methods.

## A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

Catapults for Anglers—Running Backwards—Egrets and Free Drinks  
—A Giant Trout—Sand Storms in Libya

By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS.

IN his article *Salmon versus Trout* in a recent number of COUNTRY LIFE C. H. Kennard states that he always carries a catapult with him when fishing, as he finds it useful for killing rats, stoats and other vermin, which as every angler knows offer most tempting targets when one is standing motionless watching the rising fish. I wish I could recover my schoolboy skill with this useful little weapon, which appears to have gone quite out of fashion with the modern boy. In our days practically every boy carried one, and I recall that there were two schools of thought among the youthful ballistic experts—one party favouring a heavy low-muzzle-velocity weapon with a large wide prong and thick elastic, which fired bullets or small stones; while the other preferred a lighter pattern with a very small, narrow prong and thin elastic that could be drawn out to the full extent of the arms, and which took a smaller shot, such as BB or SSG. Last time I was in London I saw still standing near Waterloo Station the shot tower of Walkers, Parker, Limited, where our ammunition was made. I imagine it must now be nearly 100 years old.

There was, I remember, a considerable amount of rivalry between the adherents of these two catapult schools, the users of the lighter weapon looking down on the addicts of the heavier piece, and regarding them in much the same light as does the dry-fly man the bait and worm fisherman. The accuracy, range and penetrative power of the light catapult were really remarkable, and every spring we used to shoot the young rooks in a neighbouring rookery, bringing down birds from fifty foot trees as effectually as if we were using .22 rifles.

The search in the hedgerows for suitable prongs added an interest to country rambles, and these, when obtained, were kept for a year to dry out and mature before they were considered fit for use. The home privet hedge would usually provide several prongs of symmetrical perfection, but the wood of this variety was regarded as cheap and too light for a really first-class weapon, and one could not regard a catapult as a true "Purdy" unless it were fitted with a blackthorn prong—and a perfect blackthorn prong was exceedingly hard to find.

IF a fisherman can use a catapult with the same accuracy as his fly it is a most useful addition to the angler's outfit. I know of one fisherman who is so handy with it that when his fly catches up in some lofty branch, or in a twig of a bush on the opposite side of the river, he does not pull on the cast and hope for a break near the fly as most of us do; he takes his catapult out of his pocket and with the second or third shot, sometimes with the first, he cuts off the offending twig.

This particular fisherman is considered by many people to be one of the best all-round shots with a gun in Great Britain, so the fact that he is skilful with all weapons of precision is not remarkable. When staying with house-parties, if the conversation in the smoking-room should veer round to revolver shooting, he will offer to take on any revolver expert with his catapult, and these tests end invariably in discomfiture and financial loss to the revolver shot.

This reminds me of a very well-known Cairo character, who dates back to the glorious days of Cromer, and until recently would offer to run backwards against any man running in the ordinary fashion, if he were given ten yards start in a hundred. This of course sounds like an absolute certainty for the man running forward, so considerable sums would be staked by newcomers, and the races run off by night down Maghraby Street in front of the Turf Club. There was never the slightest doubt about the result, and though several well known sprinters took him on from time to time, he won easily in every event. It was a marvellous sight to see Roly coming down the straight on a bright moonlit night, his long legs working backwards in a loose swinging stride that carried him past the winning-post with sometimes the whole of his 10yd. handicap in hand.

THE egret of the Nile Valley, which has more or less recently been saved from extinction, is a most useful bird, as it protects the cotton of the Egyptians from the boll worm, and in its spare time it used to provide another well-known Cairo celebrity with free drinks. He was an officer in one of the ancillary corps, as the War Office terms them, and, having his office in Kasr-el-Nil Barracks, he became automatically a member of the mess of every regiment stationed there. It was his habit to sit on the veranda facing the Nile every evening, and punctually at 6.30 p.m., when one was beginning to think about the first whisky and soda, a flight of egrets would come up the Nile, flying about a foot above the surface of the water. As they neared the lofty Kasr-el-Nil bridge the "ancillary" soldier would say: "I wonder if those birds will fly through the arch or go over the bridge?" and the unsuspecting person to whom the remark was made would at once say: "Oh, they'll go through the arch, of course," to which the other would reply: "I bet you a whisky and soda they'll go over the bridge."

At the moment the bet was taken the birds, which had preserved their even flight along the surface of the water during the conversation, would suddenly swing upwards and soar over the bridge. They never let their backer down, and as a result he obtained free whiskies and sodas every evening until the whole regiment had been stung, by which time their relief was due to arrive and a fresh supply of mugs was available.

WALKING up the river the other evening in search of rising trout, which have not been too plentiful these blazing bright days after nights of bitter frost, I saw an enormous fish dart out from a small runnel by the bank. From the glimpse I obtained of his depth compared with his length I put him at four or five pounds, and in the best of condition, so I decided to give him my almost undivided attention.

I estimated that he would require at least an hour before he got over his alarm and returned to his stance, and when that time had

elapsed I went back to the spot. There was practically no fly coming down the river, but from the movement of the water at the runnel I knew he was back again in his old position. My first cast, which was far from satisfactory as the fly failed to float, caused a bulge under the surface, and the strike sent the hook well home, as I could feel from the solid resistance.

The fight that followed lasted for fifteen minutes as he took me out into the heavy water in mid-stream, taking full advantage of all the rapid runs, and lunging head first into every big patch of weeds. With an 8ft. rod and 4x cast I could not dictate terms to a fish of his size, and with visions of a deep-bodied, pink-fleshed 4lb. trout on the table I played that fish far more carefully than was ever the case in the days of peace and plenty. Then, at last, as I was bringing him in slowly to the net, he rolled over, and there was something about his bronze colour and the shape of his fins that looked suspicious. His next turn in the water confirmed my fears, and I realised I had spent over an hour of my time hooking, and playing with my heart in my mouth, a chub that I believe is right at the bottom of the edible list in the coarse fisherman's catch. This is the reason, presumably, why the chub always figures in glass cases in public-house bars, and not on the table. However, everything has its uses these days, so I brought him home and his boiled flesh saved a protein coupon in the chickens' food.

THE news in the papers recently that there are violent recurring heat-waves in Egypt, and the troops are operating in a temperature of 117 degrees, suggests that conditions must be infinitely worse for the besieging force than for the besieged in Tobruk. Our troops within the wire will have ample good water from the town supply, whereas the Germans without must depend upon lorry-borne *fantasses* (iron tanks), in which the water becomes so hot that one imagines a few more minutes' exposure to the sun would bring it to boiling point. The extraordinary part about these hot winds of Libya is that the heat in the shade is as great as it is in the full blaze of the sun, and

I have known the interior metal parts of a motor car become so hot that it was not possible to put one's hand on them.

Visibility is reported to be five yards only, owing to sand storms, and this I can well believe, as I have known it considerably less. I was once lost for three hours on my own small golf course, which was within two miles of my house. I was playing the fourth hole when the dust storm descended upon me suddenly, and as all the holes are precisely the same on this, the flattest and worst golf course in the world, I had nothing in the way of a landmark or bunker to guide me homewards. There was one very good point about this golf course, however, and this was the fifth hole across a brightly polished, perfectly smooth clay pan. With the wind in the right direction one obtained the comfortable feeling of being well above the Cyril Tolley class as 700 or 800 yard drives were a quite common occurrence, and when there was half a gale blowing a mounted policeman had to be employed to ride the ball down and retrieve it.

These Libyan sand storms have to be seen to be believed, and once I had to drive for eight hours in the teeth of a southerly *Khamsin*—my face protected from the cutting sand by a Balacava helmet worn as a mask. At the end of the day the glass of my goggles was frosted by the sand blast, and the whole of the front of the car, including the axle, was brightly burnished. This sounds rather like one of those American Wild West stories, and I recall one when the skipper of a small sailing boat on Lake Erie capped a story by another skipper concerning enormous swarms of mosquitoes. He related that he was sailing near the shore in an infested spot when a cloud of mosquitoes came downwind, and they were so thick in the air they carried his mainsail away.

The story met with some incredulity, but the other skipper, whose story had been capped, came into line.

"I guess I can corroborate that story, sir, because on the day in question I was about three miles to leeward of you, and in the evening a swarm of mosquitoes came down on me, and every one was wearing a canvas jacket!"

## RUTLAND: THE TOY COUNTY

By H. E. BATES

IN every litter of pigs there is one smaller than all the rest, called in some parts the dilling, and in the litter of English counties Rutland may be considered the dilling pig. Almost overlaid, as Shakespeare said in connection with Falstaff, by Lincolnshire, always overshadowed in guide-books by Northamptonshire and in constant danger of being overridden by Leicestershire, this is the forgotten baby of the English county system.

It recalls those tiny kingdoms which still exist in Europe, proudly independent but for-

gotten in the body of larger countries, where generals outnumber privates, where Governments remain tenaciously at war with other Governments though everyone else has declared peace, or where peace is tenaciously continued though everyone else is at war.

Rutland, like one of these toy kingdoms, has no claim to exist. Consider its size—18 miles long, 15 miles wide, 60 miles in circumference; its population—about 20,000; its towns—two, both of them villages, Uppingham with about 3,000 inhabitants, Oakham, the county town, with about 4,000. No rivers, no

hills, no moors, no cathedrals, no manufactures, no sea coast, no celebrated beauty spots, no claim to be looked at, let alone be separate.

Who ever heard of another county town like Oakham, a one-eyed, one policeman village where horses stand tethered to lamp-posts on dreamy mornings just as they might have stood there when Jane Austen was writing *Emma*? You could look round Oakham in ten minutes. There may be a cinema; I don't know. You could look round Uppingham in another ten. After that, you might say, there is nothing to



J. Dixon-Scott

A TYPICAL RUTLAND LANDSCAPE

Looking west from the Uppingham-Peterborough road. The village on the left is Morcott, near Uppingham

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keep you in Rutland. If you doubt this, look up the guide-book. "Rutland," it says with finality, "has no claim to be regarded as a picturesque county."

This, as I hope to show, only proves the value of guide-books. Rutland is the most orderly and decent little county in England, the most rural, perhaps the most pastoral. If you measure scenery by the Yorkshire dales, by Lakeland, by Snowdonia, or even by the rich yeoman beauty of Kent and Sussex, there is no scenery in Rutland. The guide-book will advise you, if you happen to be an artist, not to paint there. But then no guide-book could conceivably have recommended Van Gogh to paint himself minus one ear.

Scenically and architecturally, Rutland must be seen in relation to the great limestone chain that runs diagonally across England, north-east from Somerset. This stone is the bone-structure on which the green muscles of the rolling uplands have been moulded. It is the same combination of low hills and stone that makes the Cotswolds.

As you come up from Oxfordshire you can follow the course of creamy stone, deepening to sienna in the Northamptonshire iron zones, almost pollen-coloured in the famous Weldon district, growing at last a little greyer, more northern, sometimes white, as you come over



THE MARKET PLACE AT OAKHAM, WITH THE BUTTER CROSS



J. Dixon-Scott

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THE PUMP AT OAKHAM

the Northamptonshire border into Rutland. In the Cotswolds it is the whole architecture, from the great wool-churches down to the walls of the fields; up through Northamptonshire the field-walls cease, recur, cease, and then recur again at the north-eastern end, becoming strong again in Rutland.

And this combination of rolling grassland and stone field-wall has great charm. Its beauty arises from contrast, grey-cream against green, solidity against softness, bone against flesh. Rutland rolls in a series of valleys, and the bony switchback of walls keeps the eye swinging away over the distances as hedges cannot do.

These runs of stone are broken by the villages, with very endearing names like Edith Weston, Stoke Dry, Whissendine, Tickencote, Thorpe by Water, and by stone manorial houses, and sometimes farmhouses, that have that air of timeless prosperity and clean beauty that is typical of the richest of Cotswold architecture. There are barns here, with high arched entrances, that have the impressiveness of churches. Their richness arises, of course, from the richness of the land, which is in turn expressed in the parklands, such as Exton, with its great lake, and in the churches themselves, of which the example of late and enriched Norman at Tickencote is superb.

It is stone, I think, that gives the whole county its air of clean neatness. It is good that there are no towns. One straggling bit of raw industrialism would have ruined this



W. F. Taylor

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INTERIOR OF THE BUTTER CROSS, SHOWING THE ANCIENT STOCKS



J. Dixon-Scott

THE VILLAGE AND CHURCH OF COTTSMORE

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The Kennels of the famous Hunt are at Oakham



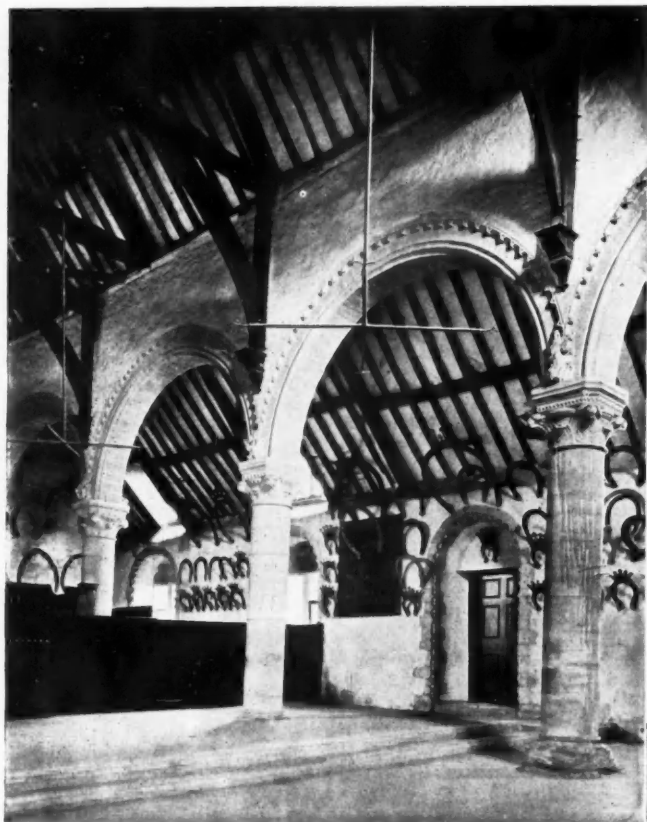


J. Dixon-Scott

### GENERAL VIEW OF UPPINGHAM

The school buildings are seen on the left

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### THE HALL AT OAKHAM CASTLE

Any peer passing through Oakham for the first time was required to give a horseshoe to the lord of the Castle. Many of these, some of great size, are preserved on the walls

landscape of calm decency. Stone is quarried at Ketton, where cement is also made, and at Clipsham, almost on the border. There is nothing else to upset the grasslands, the parks, the hunting packs, the schoolboys wearily paper-chasing on winter afternoons.

An ancient custom dictated that the first time any peer passed through Oakham he must give a horseshoe to the lord of Oakham castle. A large number of these are preserved on the walls of the castle hall—famous among antiquaries as the only Norman hall in existence, complete with its round niches and romanesque capitals to the stout columns. The horseshoes are of every size up to nearly six feet high: many of them bear the coronet and name of their donor, and go back to Elizabethan date. Thus it is perfectly correct that Oakham should be what it is: a toy county town, sleepy with mediaeval houses and tea-shops, two or three hotels, a

Butter Cross, a grammar school, and a faint smell of standing horses. It is, in some ways, the pleasantest county town in England. It appears long ago to have given up the pretence, so common to county towns that flaunt the rather sinister pageantry of judges on circuit and high-walled gaols overshadowing the pleasant pavements, of being important. Like Uppingham it is an over-sized village on a hill, a kind of pleasant accident in a pleasant place.

Except for the school, Uppingham would, I suppose, long since have slipped into absolute obscurity. Take away the school buildings and, in contrast to Oundle, nothing remains. Neither Leland nor Camden mentioned the place with credit, *Domesday Book* not at all. And now there is an air of rather grey prosperity about the place, beside which Oakham seems quite coloured and gay. The one long street breaks into a little market place, with a hotel or two, and then slides away over the hill up which the tired paper-chasers and the steaming hunters struggled back in the sunsets of peace-time winter afternoons.

So in reality there is nothing to go to Rutland for: unless, by some chance, you happen to like things in miniature. And on that principle, the principle that though big pigs are invariably hideous, if lovable, little pigs are both lovable and enchanting, Rutland is the most charming piece of land within official boundaries in England. It is something of a mystery, too, for it remains uncertain as to how, when or why this toy county got its separate existence.

Its name, too, is uncertain in origin. It seems certain only that from remote times it has been a remote land. And it remains so to-day—unspectacular, unassuming, off the map, so little that it is almost absurd: the littlest pig of the county litter, the dilling, in some ways the darling of them all.



"Country Life"

### THE OLD HALL AT NETHER HAMBLETON

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"That air of timeless prosperity and clean beauty that is typical of the richest Cotswold architecture"

# MY FRIEND, THE OTTER

By MALCOLM A. SMITH

**O**F the many wild creatures that we kept as pets during our life in Siam, none was more attractive than the otter. The ease with which it could be tamed and kept and the friendliness and cheerfulness of its disposition made it easily the first favourite.

Two species of otter are found in Siam and we kept them both. The larger, the smooth-coated otter, is of the same size as the English otter and is closely related to it. It inhabits, mainly, the creeks in the neighbourhood of the coast and is quite at home in the sea.

The smaller one, the smooth-clawed or clawless otter, so called because its claws are very small or absent altogether, is never more than three feet in length, of which a third is the tail. It inhabits both Siam and the Malayan region, preferring the rivers to the sea coast.

Our first experience was with the clawless otter. He was given to us when about six weeks old and had been named George. The name stuck, and when in later years other otters followed, he became George I. In time we had four of them, and they were known as the four Georges. For sweetness of disposition and charm of manners George I always held first place. He quickly became friendly with the other household pets—at that time two terriers, a Siamese cat, and a gibbon—living and playing with them, feeding beside them and usually sleeping with them, for preference curled up beside one of the dogs. He was never caged, for it was one of our rules that, once wild animals had become accustomed to the place, they were not imprisoned. They had the free run of the house, always open, and the compound, the road and gardens beyond.

George was a *gourmand*. His appetite was enormous, and he would eat almost anything except certain fruits. His usual diet consisted of rice and bread, with fish or meat mixed with it. He used his hands freely in the process of eating, lying straight in front of his plate and shovelling his food into his mouth with them as fast as he could. When he had finished his own food, he would hang about and eat up any remnants left by the other animals. I do not think he was ever really satisfied. He reminded me of a small boy who told me that the only time he was not really hungry was just after he had had a meal.

The natural habitat of otters is the water, where they can show their wonderful powers of swimming and diving. We had, fortunately, a small pond in the compound, and a canal—perhaps better called a large ditch—along one side of it. Into these George went many times a day, but he seldom came into the house dirty. His first business on leaving the water was to dry himself, and that he did by rolling in the



DR. SMITH WITH HIS OTTER, GEORGE I, AND A GIBBON

grass. The natural oil in the hair of his coat prevented it from ever getting really wet, and in a short time he was clean and dry again.

We later took advantage of this habit of otters of rolling on their backs to dry themselves, for if they ever did come into the house dirty, they were at once thrown into the bath and a towel was spread on the floor beside them. On emerging they went straight to the towel and rolled and rubbed themselves upon it until they were clean and dry again.

George I's greatest charm was his friendliness and love of play. He never tired of it. I never knew him to bite anyone, except when his food was snatched from him. He liked to be petted and carried, lying at full length in one's arms like a baby and showing his pleasure by uttering soft squeaks of content. One of his favourite games was to pull off one's shoe and then, lying on his back beneath the foot, nibble it gently and caress it with his hands. By day he often slept by himself, lying on his back, his short limbs sprawled about or balanced in the air.

He often accompanied us to bathing parties in the big ponds, and it was delightful to see how he entered into the fun of everything. One of his games was to swim out to someone in the water and give him a playful nip on the arm or leg. Then, diving like a flash, he would

swim beneath the water, to appear beside someone else and repeat the trick. There was no roughness in his play; no one was ever hurt.

At the end of a year he was grown up, and he began to wander away from the compound. The urge of sex was stirring in him. Fortunately by this time he was well known in the town, and he was invariably recognised and brought back.

Bangkok is a network of canals, and, for any creature with an otter's dexterity in the water, travelling is an easy matter. On one occasion George was found by the police nearly two miles away and brought back. To stop his wandering we decided to castrate him, and I then learned what I believe is not recognised by animal lovers so much as it might be—if the operation is delayed until the animal is fully grown, the sexual desire is destroyed, but the character of the animal in other respects is not altered.

George's end was a tragic one. One morning a mad dog ran into the compound and, on being greeted by George in the usual friendly manner, replied by snapping at him. I managed to shoot the dog before it could escape, and, in the hope that the otter might not have been infected, or that otters were immune to hydrophobia, I did not destroy him. Ten days later my boy came up to me with George in his arms and the news that he was sick. Fortunately he had what is known as dumb rabies, a paralytic type of the disease in which the furious or rabid stages are absent. Obviously, however, he could no longer be kept, and a dose of chloroform gave him a peaceful ending. He had been with us for three years.

Our other otters were the larger species and they were never so attractive in their ways. Although they were just as friendly and as easily tamed, they lacked the gentleness of George I. They were rougher in play, perhaps because they were larger and stronger; they were not so scrupulously clean after bathing, and they were often very noisy, barking loudly in the early morning until they were given attention. Perhaps if we had got them as babies they might have been different.

Much has been written of the English otter as a pet. It is evident that his Siamese relations do not differ from him in friendliness and intelligence. Of their courage and concern for one another in time of danger I was once a witness; I saw a wounded member of a pack literally carried by his companions across some 30 yds. of mud into safety in the jungle.

Otter-hunting may still be a popular sport in England, but no one who has kept otters and has realised what extraordinarily friendly animals they are could afterwards wish to see them killed.



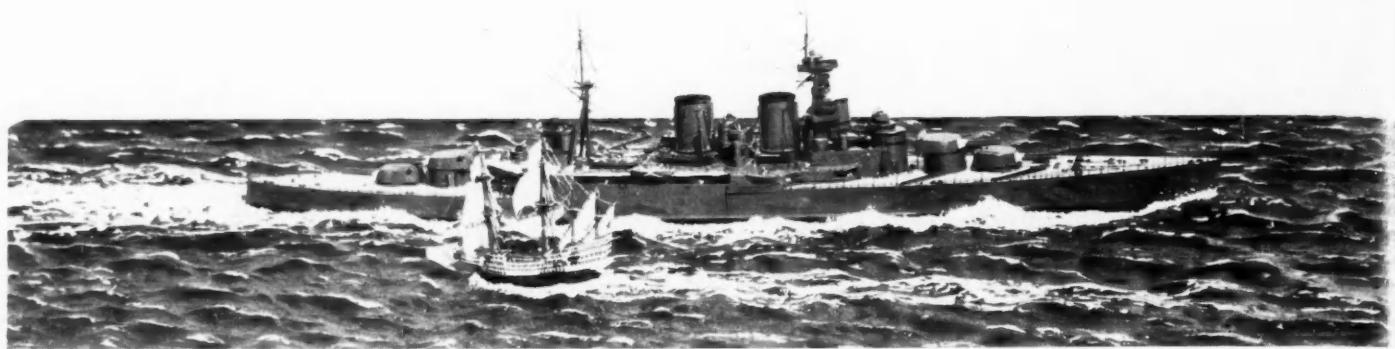
GEORGE III AND IV

"Friendly and easily tamed, but lacking the gentleness of George I"



# SOME FINE MODEL SHIPS

By C. FOX SMITH

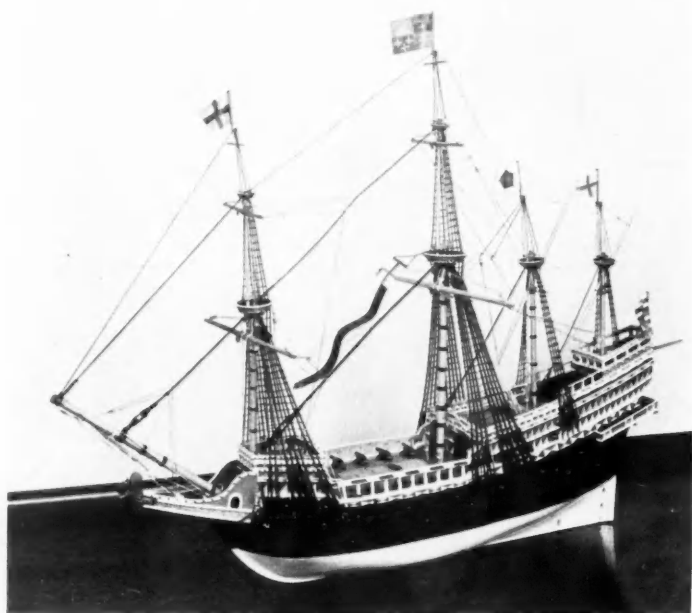


A REMARKABLE MODEL OF TWO FAMOUS SHIPS, H.M.S. HOOD AND THE ELIZABETHAN GALLEON MARY ROSE  
Scale lin. to 64ft.; model by Charles Hampshire

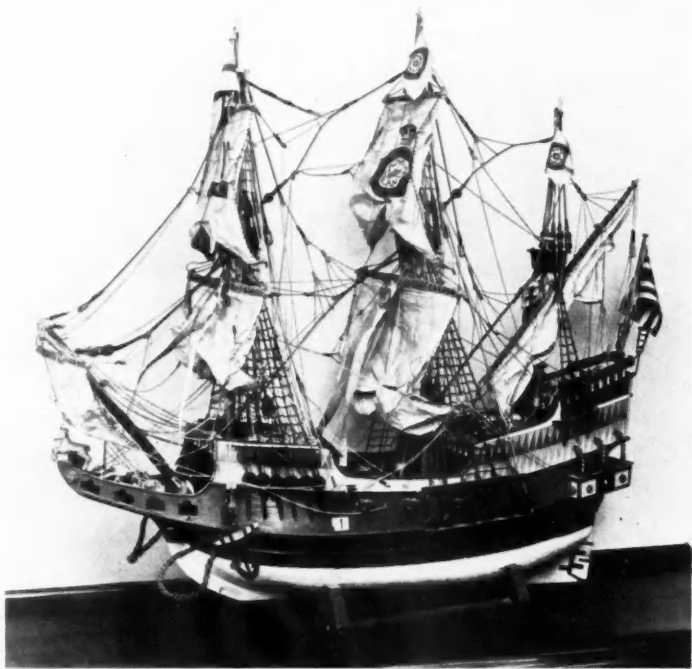
PROBABLY one of the most effective of the many sideshows staged during London's War Weapons effort was the naval exhibition which attracted so numerous a throng of visitors to the Hammersmith Town Hall. The show, which has, in part at least, been on view elsewhere, is primarily of course an admirable piece of Naval propaganda of the sort a nation which, alike in peace and in war, must live by sea trafficking cannot have too much of, and it was therefore an excellent thing to continue it after its work as part of the War Weapons drive was over.

It is no disparagement to the other aspects of this capital little collection—which reflects the greatest credit upon the zeal and energy of its organiser, Mr. Silas—to say that the feature which has proved the most attractive is the display of model ships from the days of the Armada to Dunkirk. There is something in most people's make-up which is fascinated by the miniature, using that term in its wider sense—witness the immense popularity of the Queen's Doll's House—and even those who do not know one end of a ship from another can find delight in one of these tiny craft without, possibly, knowing or caring anything about its nautical correctness. The pleasure of the connoisseur in such matters is, of course, as in any other form of art, a subtler thing; and one can spend hours—or could in times when we had hours to spend—savouring the perfection of some contemporary builders' model of the seventeenth or eighteenth century, just as one can derive a recurring pleasure from a book, or print, or painting, or carving.

But the ship model—and here, as generally in this article, I mean the model of some type of craft either vanished or vanishing from the seas—has a practical value quite apart from the sentimental or the purely æsthetic. It provides perhaps the only real evidence of what the ship of bygone days was really like, how she was rigged, built, fitted, and adorned. Consider, for example, the large rigged model of De Ruyter's flagship, the *Seven Provinces*, lent to this exhibition by the National Maritime Museum. The veriest tyro can, of course, enjoy



ELIZABETHAN GALLEON ELIZABETH JONAS  
A modern scale model by P. Shenton



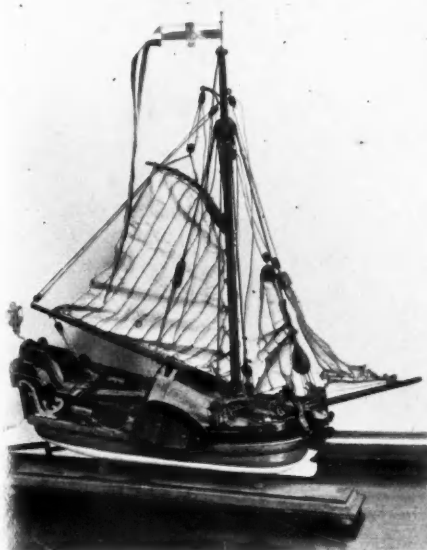
SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S GOLDEN HIND, 1575  
Model by Lewis A. Stock

its completion of detail—its wealth of "gingerbread work" on bow and stern, its delightful little poop lanterns, the meticulous accuracy with which every small point has been reproduced. But how many people realise that, given such a model to work from, it would be humanly possible actually to bring into being again this flagship of the Dutch admiral, precisely as she sailed up the Medway round about two and a half centuries ago?

There is perhaps nothing quite so difficult in the world as to try to put into words how anything works—especially, it may be, something connected with the sea. Have you ever, to take one example, tried to grasp the way in which a stunsail was set from a verbal description of the process—in itself, incidentally, a perfectly simple one? Yet, given even the smallest working model to go by, the whole thing is comprehensible at once. Full models of the *Seven Provinces* period are none too plentiful, and among the minor tragedies of the bombing of London is the loss of that lovely model of the *Loyal London* in the Trinity House holocaust—a treasure which immediately antedated the first Great Fire only to fall a victim to the second.

And this brings us to another type of ship-model, namely, the modern scale model constructed from measurements and other reliable data in the possession of the Admiralty or of shipbuilders, or from drawings such as those of the two Van der Veldes. This, though it must of necessity lack the interest of antiquity, may be and often is every whit as authentic as the contemporary model, and may even at a casual glance be taken for old work. This collection includes several noteworthy examples of the latter class of model, among them the beautiful reproduction of the *Elizabeth Jonas*, by Mr. P. Shenton, and a very striking piece of delicate craftsmanship, Charles II's Yacht, 1674, executed by Mr. J. C. Ashwood. This model is a delight to the eye, perfect in the smallest detail; points especially worthy of mention are the poop lanterns—compare these with the Dutch types in the *Seven Provinces* model—and the barrow winch with its bars in position. The flags here are of interest—the Union Jack with the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew,





SAMUEL PEPYS'S YACHT, 1662  
Model by Lewis A. Stock



CHARLES II'S YACHT, 1674  
Model by J. C. Ashwood



NAVAL HOY OF 1717  
Model by Lewis A. Stock

the Red Ensign, and the Royal Standard quartering the leopards and lilies of France. The small model of Samuel Pepys's yacht close by provides an interesting comparison. Her lines are very chubby and Dutch—the yacht of course was originally a Dutch type of craft, first known in England in the seventeenth century, though the Petts and their successors soon discarded all but the name of the importation.

Yet another beautiful piece of work is the hull model of H.M.S. *Cleopatra* (date 1779) by Mr. Kenneth Blake. At a glance, or indeed on a fairly close inspection, one might well take this for a builder's model of the period. This is a genuinely built model, even to the tiny planks in the beakhead, at which one must look closely to see them at all. Like the old Chinese ivory carvers, the true builders of these miniatures bestow as much care on the parts which are not seen as on those which are on the surface. The scale of this model is one-eighth of an inch to a foot, which may indicate the fineness of the work. Unfortunately, an unrigged model never shows to advantage in a photograph, but lovers of really good work of the kind should not miss seeing this one.

Mr. Stock's Naval hoy of 1717, with its obvious resemblances to the Thames barge of the present day, is another interesting model, which, though lacking the elaborate decoration of some of those already described, is in its way no less close in detail. This, of course, like all the models so far mentioned, represents a type of craft no longer extant. Fortunately, the

topsail barge represented here by the model of the *Genesta*, a heroine of peace in successive barge races, and of war in the epic of Dunkirk, is still with us; but signs are not wanting that the barge may before long follow her fleetier and taller sisters into oblivion, and such a faithful reproduction as this, the property of Mr. A. J. Silas, who has himself sailed her (she is a real working model) for years, should one day find a place in a national collection. Here are to be seen all the familiar features of London River's most distinctive craft—the tabernacle masts, the leeboards, the "spreet," the brailed up brown sails, the mizen mast perched on the tiller—and all, moreover, made to work as in an actual barge. All that is missing is the dog. Even the galley stove-pipe has its movable wind-shield for gusty weather to keep the forecabin from being smoked out when the stove is going.

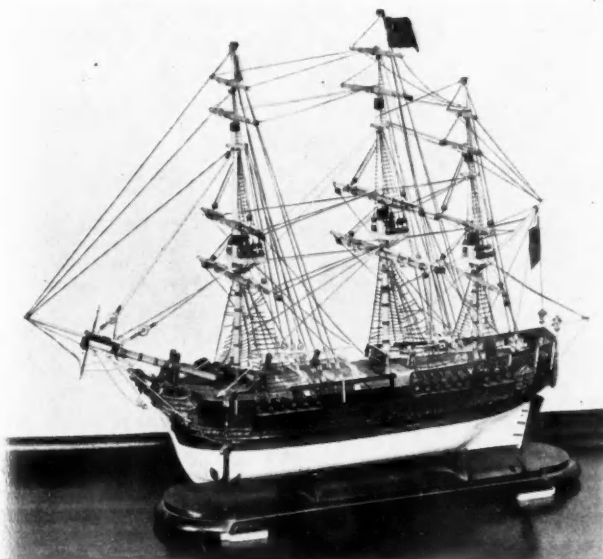
Naturally, a model of the *Cutty Sark* is not lacking. It would be interesting to know just how many miniature *Cutty Sark*s are in existence—some good, some far from it. More interesting is the model of the tea clipper *Caliph*, another specimen of Mr. Kenneth Blake's beautiful work. The *Caliph* was a ship with a tragic and mysterious history—or one should rather perhaps say lack of history—for she disappeared on her maiden voyage in the China Seas in fine weather, and no stick or sign of her was ever seen. One notable point about this ship was that she was fitted with a small engine, intended not only to use for handling cargo, working the capstan, and similar purposes, but

for operating two small screws to push the vessel along in a calm. No doubt many old superstitious salts shook their heads over the innovation, declaring that it was asking for trouble, and indulged in endless "I told you so's" after the event. Whatever the explanation of the mystery, the *Caliph's* disappearance remains one of the sea's unsolved riddles.

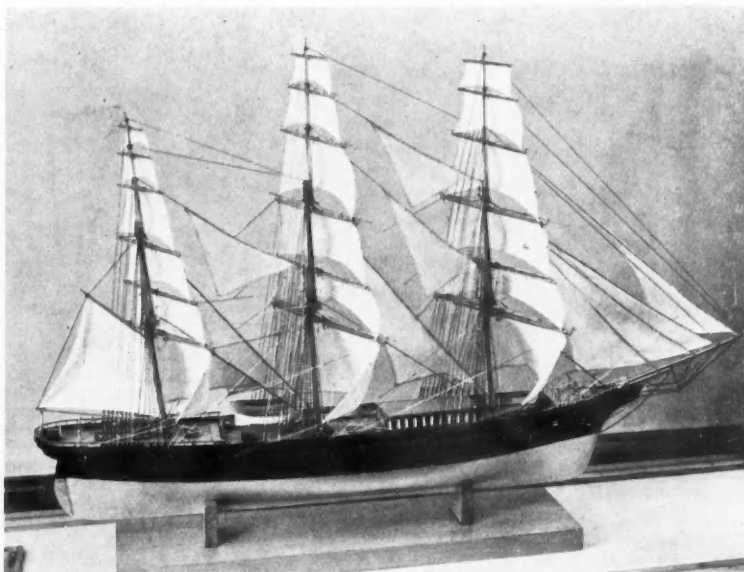
It is, of course, impossible to cover the whole ground of the subject in a small but representative collection of models like this, though, for sentimental reasons, one would have liked to see a sailor model—a bottled ship, for instance—and perhaps a French "prisoner," or so-called ivory ship. Space does not permit here more than bare mention of the really representative collection of models of modern ships of war and merchant ships. Interesting as these are, it is in quite another way. They are still with us, to be seen, drawn, photographed, and there is little fear of their exact likeness being lost.

The well-worn controversy, "Steam v. Sail," has always seemed to me one of the most futile in the world, and it is equally so when applied to the miniature reproduction as to the ship herself. They are just different, and that is all.

Finally, I cannot close without a reference to a feature of the exhibition which, while it has nothing at all to do with ships, old or new, is in its way as moving a thing as I have seen for a long time. That is the group of living homing pigeons which played their part in the Battle of Britain, and which, in some cases, earned honourable scars in doing their duty.



H.M.S. BOUNTY OF THE 1789 MUTINY  
Model by T. V. McAdam



THE ILL-FATED TEA CLIPPER CALIPH, 1850  
Scale 1/10in. to 1ft.; model by Kenneth Blake

# BIG GAME IN ARCHITECTURE

## SCULPTURE IN THE ANGLO-AMERICAN CORPORATION BUILDING, JOHANNESBURG



1.—PYLONS FLANKING THE STEPS TO MAIN ENTRANCE, WITH SCULPTURE FRIEZES OF SOUTH AFRICAN FAUNA

COMPLETED at the end of 1939, the headquarters of the Anglo-American Corporation in the modern centre of Johannesburg is a building of more than local interest. The designer, Mr. Francis Lorne, of Sir John

Burnet, Tait and Lorne, is one of the leading British architects; his aim, and the client's requirements, were largely those that, it is to be hoped, will be brought to the building of Britain's new City centres. This was to design something that will not look "dated"

within, say, the next generation: a building combining the latest structural and practical features with the permanent classic qualities of simplicity, humane proportions, and such enrichment as develops naturally from the properties of the design.

It is in this last particular that the building is most worthy of attention. In its main lines it does not seek notable originality, rather developing accepted canons of design under unusually favourable conditions. The island site, and the clients' liberal attitude to its use—to the extent of agreeing to the frontages being on all sides set back 20ft. within the site—enabled the ideal to be realised of making every room an outside room. On the two main fronts are two large courts flanking the central entrance, each court some 70ft. square with a circular fountain in the middle of it. The structure is of steel and concrete frame and is faced with a freestone of pleasant warm colour tinged with pink. In the elevations the plain surfaces of this freestone, and the spacing of the voids, produce an effect simple but monumental in conjunction with the disposition of the plan—a central tower and portico, and lateral wings. The carefully considered ratio of vertical and horizontal lines creates an equipoise essentially classical in spirit if not in detail, and, having no mannerisms, the design belongs to no particular date or school—other than the beginning of the new architectural era. Logical, harmoniously balanced, sincere, the building is a fine example of a type capable of variations and elaboration as technique is enriched by experience. A clue is given of the direction that development will take by the nature of the enrichment of the plain surfaces at certain points of this building, notably on the pylons flanking the main entrance steps, the fountains, and the windows and walls of the entry hall. These enrichments, entirely subordinate to the clean classic lines of the design, are, in contrast, naturalistic and vivid and drawn from the flora and fauna of South Africa. Being largely in bas-relief, moreover, they are a natural elaboration of the building's flat surfaces, not, as is so often the case, obviously applied or from irrelevant ideological sources.

Modern architecture is often criticised for its austerity, its lack of incidental decoration pleasing to the inexperienced eye or familiar by tradition. It is quite right that we should expect some degree of embellishment



2.—ELEPHANTS ON A PYLON. Beyond is seen the entrance portico





3.—FISH OF AFRICAN WATERS ON THE BASIN OF ONE OF THE FOUNTAINS FLANKING THE MAIN ENTRANCE  
Pursuing Tritons are interspersed among the fish



4.—STANLEY CRANE, HARTEBEEST, WARTHOG, AND KUDU  
Detail of pylon sculpture. Donald Gilbert and Dr. Peter Kirchoff





5.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE BUILDING. HEADQUARTERS OF THE ANGLO-AMERICAN CORPORATION OF SOUTH AFRICA



6.—GIRAFFE, CROWNED CRANE, AND RHINOCEROS

public buildings: not necessarily by pictorial sculpture, and still less by meaningless repetition of conventional ornament, but as some indication that the architect regards the material of the building, or certain parts of it, as important and precious and therefore worthy of being enriched to draw attention to these values. The traditional styles prescribed exactly where and how buildings should be enriched. So long as the principles of construction were unchanged, an architect could follow precedent as regards the nature and placing of ornament; indeed attain a reputation for originality largely on his selection from the vast ornamental repertory bequeathed by the ages. From time to time reactions took place against ornament



7.—BRONZE DOORS DESIGNED FROM THE RIBBING OF BUTTERFLIES' WINGS

With inset panels of flora and fauna.

Walter Gilbert

for religious or economic reasons rather than architectural, as was the case in Gothic with the Cistercian puritans in the twelfth century. But the human tendency to decorate what is valued, and to attract and please the eye, was never denied for long.

Architecture has been going through one of its puritanical phases in recent years. But this time it has been mainly due to the more serious architects themselves feeling even if there were sufficient funds to pay for enrichment, that appropriate forms and technique of decoration had not yet evolved for the new structural principles of architecture. Better, they said, to let design and construction of a building speak for themselves, than to encrust a steel-framed building with columns and pediments or tracery and gargoyles bearing no structural relation to it. Architectural decoration, to be genuine must grow from the construction. But there is no reason why it should perpetually reproduce conventionalised Greek or Gothic motifs.

South African architects, for 200 years, have virtually ignored the wonderful material

the continent contains for a spontaneous decorative art. To Mr. Lorne the credit is due for resolving, on his first visit to South Africa, that whatever decoration this building should have, it should tap this great wealth of African flora and fauna. Accordingly, wherever the design called for enrichment, whether in frieze or door-knob, the sculptors have taken their theme from the wild and primitive life of Africa. The result is not only a building that teems with living interest within the restrained, purposeful, framework, but perhaps the germination of an idea that, in time, will develop into a South African tradition of architectural enrichment. And not only South African. After all, it was the beauty of the things around them that inspired the craftsmen of ancient Greece and mediæval Europe to enrich their architecture with gradually conventionalised natural forms. Most of these are quite without meaning to-day, especially to the new nations. Yet these peoples have around them a beauty of flora and fauna far exceeding those of the ancient world. By shaping the ornament for the decoration of this building from veldt and bush, and by declaring the origin and purpose of this building in the sculptor's language, it can be hoped that the experiment will help to create a national



8.—HEAD OF SPRINGBOK IN BRONZE ON CAST-IRON WINDOW APRONS

technique of sculptural ornament in the Union—a decorative sculpture born of observation of the elegance, beauty, and virility of bird, beast and flower, to remind the South Africans of their good fortune. This inspiration is equally applicable to the modern architecture of this or any country.

The craftsmen entrusted with this ideal were Mr. Walter Gilbert, who executed all the bronze decorative work in doors, windows, etc.; Mr. Donald Gilbert, who made the plaster models for the stone carving; Mr. Jan Juta, who carried out the etched and coloured glass of the large hall window; and Dr. Kirchoff, who supervised the actual carving of the stone on the building. Mr. Seth Smith, Captain Guy Dollman, and Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Ronald Waterhouse contributed their expert knowledge of African fauna.

The principal sculpture is in the friezes on the pylons flanking the steps to the main entrance. Here most of the African mammals from the elephant, rhino, and giraffe to varieties of buck and the reputedly extinct quagga are represented, with a sprinkling of cranes and storks. The treatment is zoologically accurate but sufficiently conventionalised for the compositions to form continuous bands of enrichment across the flat surfaces. A good instance of this is in the treatment of the elephants on the ends of the pylons. In the long panels the difficulty presented by the variety of the creatures in regard to the need for coherence has been overcome by firm yet sensitive modelling



9.—THE ENTRANCE HALL  
Zulu symbols in the sandblasted glass parapet of the gallery



10.—ENTRANCE HALL WINDOW DECORATED BY ACID WASHES, WHEEL-CUTTING, AND VITRIFIED COLOURING IN BRONZE SHADES  
Jan Juta



in low relief, the effect of which is to produce a uniform texture of rippling muscular movement. But next time a big-game frieze is composed, a wonderful opportunity is offered by devoting it entirely to, say, a herd of springbok leaping over the veldt.

The possibilities of "concerted movement" are more fully developed on the fountains. The walls of the circular basins, divided into compartments, are devoted to a conventionalised treatment of the fish found in South African waters pursued by tritons. Carved in much deeper relief, so that the shoals seem to be leaping out of their tanks, these fountain sculptures have a vitality recalling Carl Milles's famous Gothenburg fountain.

Other points on the exterior where South African motifs take the place of

conventions are the corbels to the flag poles, the bosses of which derive from the flower of the giant protea; and in the metal aprons of the windows where the central boss takes the form of the head of a springbok or exotic flowers.

The great bronze doors of the principal entrance are rich in symbolism and wild life. The Main Street doors, with a frieze of South African flowers, are grilles containing open-work panels in which storks and swallows, flying outwards, symbolise the expansion of South African trade; the eland and giant sable antelope her rich and unusual possessions. For other doors the design of the grilles is derived from the delicate ribbing in the wing of the South African butterfly, with inset plaques, at the points where colour occurs in the wing, of the more

exquisite flowers, birds, and fish of the Union: of hoopoe and Prince of Wales heath, parrot and *Orothamnus zeyheri*, kaffir tree and swallow-tailed butterfly. The handles introduce the bud of protea.

Mr. Jan Juta, who executed the glass window of the hall, is a South African well known for his work in England. But in this window he has achieved a new and notable effect by the application of acid washes, wheel-cutting, and vitrifiable colour (sienna and umber) which is fired into the glass to blend with the bronze framework. The subject matter, as elsewhere, is of South African creatures. The result is a remarkable, and beautiful, demonstration of the modern possibilities of glass as distinct from the mediæval technique of staining and leading.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

## "OF PERSONS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE SEEN"

I HAVE put my title in inverted commas as in duty bound, because it is stolen from the mighty Hazlitt. In one of his essays he describes a discussion between several friends, of whom Charles Lamb was one. Ayrton began it by saying that he supposed that the two first persons one would wish to see were Locke and Isaac Newton, but Lamb would have none of them. They, he said, were not *persons*, but characters, and he himself chose "to encounter on the floor of his apartment in their night-gown and slippers" Sir Thomas Browne and Sidney's friend Fulke Greville. I have often, in my distorted way, translated that discussion into golfing terms for my own amusement and now that, as concerns golf, we must live largely in the past I take leave to do so on paper. I look down the list of old champions and reflect which of them I would choose to see in all the pride of their youth.

Well, to begin with, whom have I seen? I can go back to Bob Martin who won the first of his two championships in the year I was born, 1876, but I only remember him dimly in the professionals' shop at Coldham Common at Cambridge, whither Mr. Linskill had lured him for a while. The earliest champion whom I actually saw play was Willie Fernie, the winner in 1883; him in my boyhood I saw often, and he remains a vision of unsurpassed grace. A little later in the list come two that I might have seen and did not, Willie Park and Hugh Kirkaldy. Willie Park indeed I did see and spoke to, but the extent of my watching his golf was a single long putt laid dead in such a storm of rain at St. Andrews that I could hardly keep my eyes open. Hughie was the Oxford professional when I was at Cambridge and yet my eyes never beheld that long, lovely slashing swing immortalised in the Badminton golf volume under the title *The St. Andrews Swing*.

Most of all, however, do I wish that I had watched one who never won the championship, Douglas Rolland. I caught sight of him once when his golfing days were over and he was but a shadow of his former magnificent self, crippled with rheumatism. In his erratic career he was for a while at Rye, but this was before my Rye days; he was at Limsfield near my old home in Kent, but I had been transplanted. He came to play at Worlington and hit what was then an historic shot, a carry home in two on to the third green against a breeze with a brassy, but that was just before I had gone up to Cambridge. As far as I was concerned he was a will-o'-the-wisp always flitting out of my reach. And he must have been the best fun in all the world to see because he was, as far as the long game was concerned, the best of all hitters of the gutty ball. Mr. Blackwell may perhaps have been longer for individual shots, but for consistent long hitting of inconceivable fire and splendour I think all those who knew him united in putting Rolland first. Not only was it fun for the onlooker but fun for him. Mr. Colt has

often told me how Rolland in an ecstasy of delight over his own shot used to exclaim "Away she sails wi' dash and spray." I know not if this was an original remark or a quotation, and I cannot get at Mr. Colt to ask him, but they are noble words to describe the flight of a great drive.

Most of all should I have liked to see Rolland on that occasion which has become part of the

### A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

great golfing legend when he had to come to play an exhibition match with Tom Dunn at Tooting Bec. The legend tells how Rolland had been tasting freely of the pleasures of the town and arrived at Tooting clad in his best clothes and a hard-boiled shirt front, and with no clubs. He had apparently started with them but was like the man in the old *Punch* picture, who had not only lost his ticket but had lost the big drum. Whereupon the shirt was crumpled into greater flexibility, some clubs were borrowed, and Rolland beat the record of the course and beat poor Tom Dunn into the middle of the ensuing week. There must have been something heroic and lovable about

the man who could do that, and in fact everybody adored Rolland; he had never an enemy but himself. I shall never quite get over the loss of not having seen him.

When I look down the long list of Amateur Champions there are only two that I never saw, Peter Anderson, the St. Andrews student who gallantly and unexpectedly beat Mr. Laidlay at Prestwick in 1893 and A. J. T. Allan who won at Muirfield four years later. As to the first of them I have no vast curiosity, but Allan is another matter: he is dreadfully "intriguing" and he too seems something of a will-o'-the-wisp. I played first in the championship in 1898, just one year too late, for Allan won in 1897 and died before he could defend his title. Round him likewise legend clusters. We have all heard that he played with no nails in his shoes, that he travelled every day backwards and forwards from Edinburgh and bicycled from Drem to Muirfield. Otherwise he is a man of mystery. I have only once seen a photograph of him and that a palpably "posed" one giving no notion of his swing.

Even among those who knew him opinions differ enormously as to whether his win was a fluke and a flash in the pan, or whether he was destined to be one of the great figures of golf. As I never saw him play I can offer no opinion, but oddly enough I believe I was one of the few people who were not much surprised at his victory. I was an assiduous reader of *Golf and The Field* and had often noticed the name of

Allan, with those triple and memorable initials, connected with astonishingly low scores all round Edinburgh. I did not know the courses, but it seemed to me that such scores spoke to some extent for themselves, and that this must be a remarkable golfer. So when he won I could almost say to myself "I told you so." Piecing together what little I have since been able to gather about him, I fancy him a player of no astonishing power and no great beauty of style, but easy and accurate, a fine player of the short game and one gifted with a calm so admirable that it almost amounted to casualness. He always sounds to me as if he were the kind of golfer likely to win his way through more championships, and I wish very much that I had seen him.

I have confined these random remarks to those whom I might have seen. They would go on for ever if it were a matter of summoning up some towering shades from the days before I existed. Among them one stands out far before the rest. Young Tommy Morris died the year before I was born. Everything I have ever read or heard of him makes me believe that he was unsurpassable and that no Vardon or Bobby Jones has, taking each on his best day and under the conditions of that day, been greater than he was. The dash and swagger and confidence of him must have been truly glorious. Let me conjure up one scene from the witch's cauldron of the past, and it shall be Tommy doing his 149 for three rounds of the old twelve holes at Prestwick. I ask no better than that.



MR. BLACKWELL: A FAMOUS LONG HITTER



# A COUNTRYWOMAN'S DIARY

By E. M. DELAFIELD

THE descent of Hess upon the countryside—literally out of the blue—has given us all a good deal to talk about. We have likened him to the Wooden Horse of Troy—not that the horse flew down from the sky—and to Napoleon's brother, Lucien, who fled to England during the Napoleonic wars and for four years sought and found refuge there from fraternal interference with the liberty of the subject. Some of us, I think, have trifled with the idea of Hess as a kind of parachutist edition of Noah's dove with the olive branch.

I hope that this wishful-thinking fantasy may have died a speedy death long before this article is in print.

On the whole, the reaction to the Hess coup that pleased me most was that of an earnest W.I. member to whom I gave a lift in the car.

She had a good deal to say about Hess, and none of it was complimentary, but she held that to offer him tea had been right.

"That," she said, "were perfectly right. I mean, 'twas but right. If old Hitler 'isself comes along next and lands outside our place, I'll give 'im a cup of tea. I've always said they did ought to 'ave a cup of tea—one and all."

But what she would have liked done to "them" after the administration of the cup of tea, was a very different story.

THIS appearance of Hess rather displaced the appalling Saturday night Blitz of May 10 as a topic of conversation, even in London. But when I went up there, to the block of flats in which a kind friend received me after the walls, windows and ceiling of my own flat showed a tendency to sag and bulge in strange places, I got some details from the hall-porter of the mansions.

He was elated because he and the head-porter had put out fifteen incendiary bombs on the roof before the arrival of the official fire brigade.

"We only just beat them to it," was his phrase. It was evidently a matter of *amour-propre*.

The fire brigade, however, did deal with the block because one of the unoccupied flats at the back caught fire, and was burnt out.

The porters, in the interval of putting out incendiary bombs in the street, helped. The one who was talking to me said cheerfully: "If you ask me, madam, we were d——d lucky."

I made the only possible answer. "And if you ask me, you were d——d plucky as well."

IT was after that night of horror and heroism that a match-seller in the street received my two coppers with a new form of acknowledgment. Instead of the customary "Good luck to you" or "Gawd bless you, lidy," he said pleasantly: "Safe keeping."

A phrase admirably suited to the strange times in which we are moving.

AFTER all this, I came back to Devonshire to find the tulips and forget-me-nots and wistaria all blooming, Benji all smiles, and the cats basking in the sunshine—though also in a very cold wind—apple blossom everywhere (or, as "Saki" once said, "Surely only on the apple trees?")—and a German bomber down within a mile or two of the village.

Everybody heard it limping and roaring exactly over their own roof-tree—and the complacency of those who actually saw the speck of light falling across the sky and then the ensuing column of flame, is only equalled by the jealous fury of those who remained in bed and saw nothing at all.

ROOKS are building, or have built, their nests very high up in the branches of the elm trees. Everybody tells me, with an air of knowing all the country lore in the world, that this means a dry season. As we have all been scanning the heavens for rain for weeks past, I am not really impressed by these prophecies, and moreover not one of them tells me what I most want to know, which is *why* the top branches of a tree should be more desirable than the lower ones in a fine summer.

I liked, but did not wholly accept, a suggestion that perhaps the rooks thought that if the weather was calm and hot their nests would run no risk of being blown down and could safely be perched at the top of the tree.

It all reminds me of the clergyman who, on one of those occasions that used always to be described in the Press as an "official drought," told an ancient parishioner that, if it had not broken by the following Sunday, prayers for rain would be offered in church.

"Tidn't no use, sir," said the parishioner. "Wind is up in the north-east."

The clerical reply has not been recorded.

AS I write these notes, the birds are twittering and singing gaily, the hens scratching in the orchard with their customary air of not quite knowing what it is they want but being determined to find it, the evacuees lying in

their beds in broad daylight—and the clock hands pointing to half-past nine.

How soon shall we have the moral courage to admit to ourselves that we are doing what our forebears did, rising at about five or six o'clock, and going to bed at eight or nine?

At present, we seem to be unable to admit the dreadful idea, and have to disguise from ourselves that we are eating our Wooltonian mid-day meal at eleven o'clock, by calling it one o'clock.

And there are still people who maintain piteously that they are short of sleep because they have to get up so much earlier nowadays.

Certainly it is all very difficult. As I heard of an elderly person's saying the other day: "One can only feel absolutely sure of two things in this world: Death and the kitchen dinner."

## THE LANDOWNER AND WAR DAMAGE INSURANCE

By a BARRISTER-AT-LAW

THE first annual instalment of the War Damage Insurance contribution in respect of land and buildings falls due on July 1. Of special concern to country landowners is the provision which makes open country chargeable at only 6d. in the pound instead of the standard rate of 2s in the pound. The reason for the reduced rate is, of course, that open spaces are, as compared with built-up property, only slightly vulnerable to bombs. The charge of 6d. (or 2s. in the pound as the case may be) is on the annual value of the property for income tax purposes—or in certain cases for rating purposes.

What exactly is the property which is to be charged at the lower rate? Four main categories are specified in the War Damage Act.

A.—First *agricultural land and buildings*. The meaning of agricultural land is well established. It covers the following:

- (a) land used as arable meadow or pasture ground only;
- (b) land used for a plantation or a wood or for the growth of saleable underwood;
- (c) land exceeding a quarter of an acre used for purpose of poultry farming;
- (d) cottage gardens exceeding a quarter of an acre;
- (e) market gardens;
- (f) nursery grounds;
- (g) orchards or allotments.

Not regarded as agricultural land are the following: land occupied together with a house as a park, gardens other than those enumerated above, pleasure grounds, grounds mainly used for sport or recreation or as a racecourse.

"Agricultural buildings" means buildings like barns and greenhouses (not dwelling-houses) used solely for agricultural operations on, and occupied together with, agricultural land.

These definitions come from an Act of 1928 and are fairly clear. They are adopted by the War Damage Act and are the guide to what agricultural lands and buildings are chargeable at the low rate—with two additions to the category of agricultural buildings, *viz.*:

- (a) any farmhouse occupied in connection with agricultural land;
- (b) any agricultural cottage occupied in connection with agricultural land which is "on or contiguous to that land." An agricultural cottage is in effect defined as a cottage occupied by a labourer on agricultural land by virtue of his employment.

These two definitions are likely to give rise to certain anomalies. No definition is given by the Act of a farmhouse. Suppose for example a small-holder occupies a modern bungalow near his holding. Can this be legitimately described as a farmhouse occupied in connection with agricultural land?

And as regards agricultural cottages "contiguous or on agricultural land." Suppose a labourer occupies a cottage which is not actually

"on or contiguous"—but a few hundred yards away from the land where he works. The word "contiguous" has on occasion been strictly interpreted by the courts as literally meaning "touching" and nothing more. It would seem absurd that the difference of a few yards should make a 75 per cent. difference in the liability for war damage contribution.

So much for agricultural land and buildings. Also chargeable at the lower rate are

B.—Land used mainly or exclusively for purposes of open-air games, racing or recreation, *e.g.*, golf courses, cricket grounds, etc. But if any of these forms of property comprise buildings or works cost of which amounted to £5,000 or more, then these buildings or works are to be assessed separately and charged at the higher rate.

C.—Land like grouse moorland, etc. The definition is "waste-land or land valuable only for purpose of taking fish, game or other animals fit for human consumption, or land whose value for other purpose is small in comparison with its value for the said purpose." This category includes places like Snowdon and Ben Nevis. Dwelling-houses on land of this class are to be assessed at the higher rate.

D.—Shooting, fishing and similar rights. In deciding whether any piece of property comes within a reduced rate category, its normal use has to be considered. Any temporary diversion to other uses by reason of war circumstances is to be disregarded. But just what length of time is to be regarded as temporary is a matter of degree. Is it a matter of months? can it be years? It remains to be seen just how this will be interpreted.

Who is liable to pay the contribution to the Revenue? It is the owner, if there is only one proprietary interest. If there is more than one proprietary interest, then it is the owner whose interest carries with it the right to possession. Owner means in effect the person who has the freehold, or a leasehold for at least seven years. So, for example, if I have let my house for a couple of years I am liable for the contribution to the Revenue, but not if I have let it for seven years or more. There are various rights of indemnity and adjustment between landlord and tenant.

The relevant state of affairs as regards ownership is that which existed on January 1 preceding the July 1 on which the instalment falls due. This means that if the property changes hands on, say, January 2 then it is the person who was owner on January 1 who is liable to the Revenue, but there are no automatic rights of indemnity between vendor and purchaser in cases of this sort. Therefore agreement should be reached about this point.

As regards shooting, fishing, and other similar rights it is the owner of the land in respect of which the rights are enjoyed who is liable, but here too there are rights of adjustment and indemnity.

# A DOCTOR IN THE JUNGLE

A Review by NEGLEY FARSON

*Congo Doctor*, by W. E. Davis, M.D. Illustrated. (Robert Hale, 12s. 6d.)

**T**HIS book is the summing up of 10 years' life on the Congo River by a young American doctor-missionary; the experiences, as he puts it, of "a twentieth century man in a second century world." Himself he keeps in the background; this is a penetrating story of native life; although you do see him, this fervent though humorous man, pedalling hundreds of miles through the jungle trails on his trusty bicycle, or being paddled down its tree-cloaked rivers for days in slim native dug-outs. He is a most understanding missionary. Although his faith is obviously strong, he does not preach. On the contrary, although a Protestant, he states frankly that he thinks perhaps the Catholic religion is better adapted to the native "because it lays more stress upon the ritual and through the person of the priest offers them a visible and accessible way of escape from the burden of their sin. They need as much of the personal element as they can get."

He does not think of the natives as sinners, however—only people with a different, stubbornly unchangeable sense of right and wrong—and although he says there was hardly one whom you could trust "farther than you could throw an elephant by the tail," he does say of one whom he came to put great faith in: "If he was fooling me, I am glad I got away from the Congo before I found that out."

People who have lived in Africa will read this book with the sound pleasures of reminiscence and recognition. It is so modestly authentic. You have often wondered as you passed those thatched or tin-roofed missions on the high river bank, or in the clearing of the jungle, what life must be like inside them. Well, here is an invitation to step inside. To those who have never travelled the "dark Continent" this book will provide an invigorating exposition of both missionary and native life. To everyone, the outstanding appeal of this book must lie in its nostalgia (for this was written in Kentucky, U.S.A.) and Dr. Davis misses the Congo moon so acutely that he makes you miss it too.

This book had better be read for its matter than its style (and why not?), for Dr. Davis speaks a good old colloquial American, with all its pungency; yet that of itself adds to the homespun unpretentiousness of his narrative.

He speaks of himself as lazy—he never finished the thesis he set out to write to get his Ph.D.—yet he does 540 major operations in one year. And only four of the patients died.

They had yaws, sleeping sickness, venereal diseases, leprosy, tropical ulcers, hernias, elephantiasis, abdominal tumours, goitres, broken bones, bladder stones, bad teeth and so on and so on. They were afflicted with a thousand obscure skin conditions, a thousand others not so obscure, and they were infested with worms both big and small, intestinal and otherwise. And they got fish bones stuck in their throats, were bitten by crocodiles and snakes; the leopards clawed them, and they cut each other up. They had a choice selection of crab lice, head lice, and body lice; and they suffered from itch, indolence, and indigestion—dirt, dysentery, dermatophytosis, and the devil!

This was his practice. It covered an area larger than the State of Maryland. He had no competition, he says. And do you wonder? Yet his reward was just this fact: that he knew the natives had no one else to help or save them; and back in Kentucky, now, he feels that his life has not been lived in vain when he thinks of the many hopeless cases he has sent back to their villages to hunt, and fish, and fight, marry, and live like men again.

He operated, for most of his time, in an open thatched shed with all the relatives of the patient pressing in on him. Gusts of rain frequently swept in—into the patients' insides. He admits that when the patient knew he was



IN SIWA: THE FAMOUS OASIS SOME 200 MILES INLAND FROM SOLLUM

(From *Middle East*)

going to die (had just made up his mind that he was going to do that) he or she usually tried to struggle off to their natal village to have recourse to a witch doctor. They wanted company when they were dying, they insisted upon company when they were ill; and after a few early tries, Dr. Davis admits that he jettisoned the technique of modern hospitals and let all the patient's relatives (even the witch doctors) make themselves at home in the hut in which the patient was lying—two or three even sleeping in the same bed. He says they often got well just because of that; their psychological condition was improved because of the presence of these familiar faces.

Between operations he bicycled from village to village, giving, mostly, injections of neo-salvarsan. The highest he remembers giving was 247 in one day. The natives begged to be given the "needle," believing there was something magic in its barrel. He removed a tumour from one man who was 140lb. before the operation, 95lb. when he was taken off the table. And he lived to fish and fight again.

Yes, you do not need to have seen Africa to get pleasure out of this book—or intriguing information. For example, despite the afflictions enumerated above, Dr. Davis says the Congolese did not have cancer, appendicitis, gall stones or typhoid fever. He can't say why. Perhaps, he philosophises, "Mother Nature was trying to even things up." His chief complaint against the witch doctors is that they administer emetics to their terrified victims that "would take the paint off a battleship." And on progress in the Congo he points an accusing finger at the native women. They don't want to go to schools; "Why should we?" they ask with simple logic: "It won't get us no job." So they stay in the village and fish.

Then sex. The Mission, of course, cannot condone more than one wife at a time. He had a boy he was very fond of, a promising young man, the son of a chief. Then his father died and left him fifty wives. The appeal was too much; Ikito went back to the jungle ways

again. And the appeal of this book is that Dr. Davis, with a wry grin, intimates that in his heart of hearts he could not blame him. The Congolese, declares Dr. Davis sagely, must be initiated into the twentieth-century world gradually—otherwise they will flounder in its sea of materialisation.

He tells of the language, the words actually "spoken" by the drum. And he and a fellow-missionary, himself with only an American '30-calibre, knock over two elephants—he doesn't know just how they managed it—to get the mission natives some fresh meat. An amusing, instructive, keepable book.

## OF THE MIDDLE EAST

**W**ITH the intention of providing something easily to be carried in a haversack, and principally for the men fighting in the Middle East, Mr. H. V. Morton has now given us *Middle East* (Methuen, 8s. 6d.), which contains much of his three former books *In the Steps of the Master*, *In the Steps of St. Paul*, and *Through Lands of the Bible*. To these, revised and re-written, he has added some descriptions of Greece and Istanbul not included in the former books. To the men of the Army this volume will be no doubt a valuable companion, enabling them to appreciate much that they see and might not otherwise understand, and for those at home who long to know more of their travels it will be equally interesting. The great public with eyes so often turned in that same direction will find it has become topical in the extreme and, as it was in its earlier form, it is very good reading.

## DUNKIRK

The bewildering tempo at which the war proceeds is apt to thrust events as they happen into a rapidly diminishing perspective; and the happenings of May-June, 1940, which seemed at the time so indelibly impressed on the public memory, have by now, for some at all events, been pushed into the background by more recent history. The Poet Laureate, in a slender volume called *The Nine Days' Wonder* (Heinemann, 2s. 6d.), has recorded in nervous and vivid prose—more poetic, perhaps, than the verse which accompanies it—what he describes as "the greatest thing this nation has ever done." The record includes a good deal of matter which was common knowledge at the time, but which has been since largely allowed to slip into oblivion. It includes also much which has not previously been made public, concerning the work of the small craft, "hundreds of little vessels from half the coast of England," which, as Mr. Massfield justly claims, "deserve to have their names in the Navy henceforward." The story is accompanied by a number of pages of photographs which provide an eloquent commentary on the letterpress, and the book as a whole gives a vivid picture of those tense days when, in the Poet Laureate's own words,

Lo, out of the darkness there was light.  
There in the sea were England and her ships,  
They sailed with the free salt upon their lips  
To sunlight from the tomb.

## A SLICE OF OUR LIVES

"A slice of life" is a phrase which does very well to describe a novel or biography which is obviously a piece, long or short, cut from the very stuff of human existence. That is what Mr. James Parish has aimed at creating in a small book, *The Londoners* (Hamish Hamilton, 2s. 6d.), originally designed and given as a play for wireless production but now become a story. It runs to some half a hundred pages and can—and by most people will—be read at a sitting, but the memory of it will last much longer. It is indeed a slice of our lives as we live them to-day, on tube stations, in broken houses in ruined streets, with the tragedy and comedy—yes, and the rejoicing—of ordinary men and women giving it its colour. Our thought—the thoughts of a War Reserve constable, of an anxious mother, an air-raid warden, a young widow—flicker through the book as the action passes from one character or set of characters to another and illuminates faces which might be our own. The action takes place on the night of the Second Fire of London, and this small book, with its brilliant mirroring of that epic hour from the human angle, definitely helps to fill out the record of it to convey—what it was like in London.



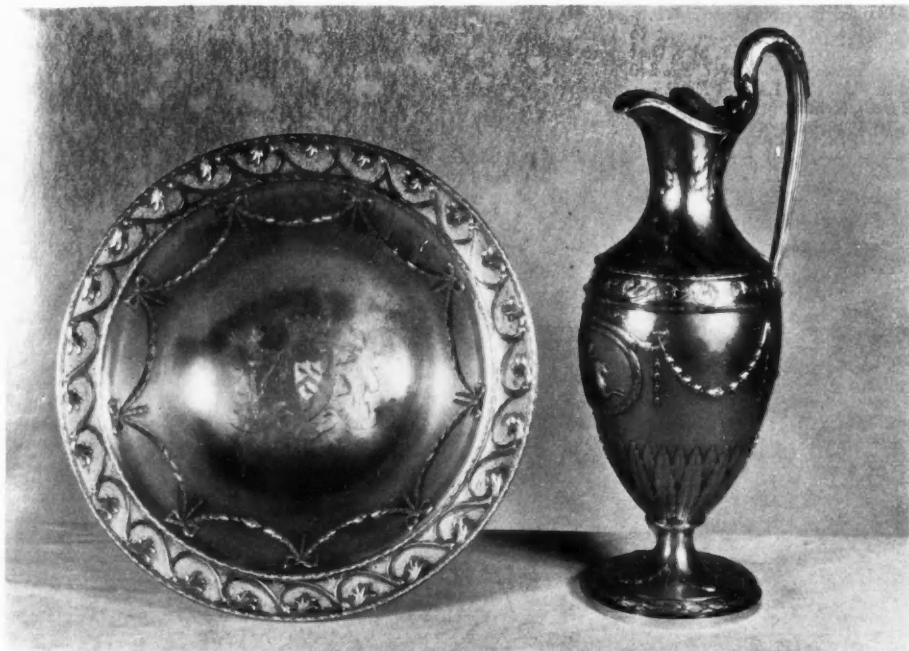
# LATE GEORGIAN SILVER

THE FAUDEL-PHILLIPS COLLECTION TO BE SOLD BY CHRISTIES AT DERBY HOUSE

IN the decorative arts, the intrusion of Egyptian detail followed on the campaign in Egypt and Syria by Napoleon (who was convinced that Egypt was one of the keys of world power). England also had her part, and a decisive one, in the Egyptian campaign, but here the popular interest in the new style became general about the time of the publication of Thomas Hope's *Household Furniture* in 1807; and in 1806 *The Times* observed that "Egyptian couches carried the day beyond all competition in the modish

finishing above in three finely modelled heads and below in three pairs of bare feet emerging from pleated drapery. This rests upon classical claw feet richly chased with foliage and having applied masks between them, while the three candle-branches are chased with acanthus. These candelabra (1805) are the work of Digby Scott and Benjamin Smith.

The graceful ewer and basin (1783) may well have been designed by Robert Adam, who carried to the highest pitch the principle that the architect of a house should supervise



1.—A BASIN AND EWER FROM OSTERLEY  
By Daniel Smith and Robert Sharp. 1783



2.—A GRECIAN REGENCY SOUP TUREEN AND STAND  
By Paul Storr. 1807

world." In silver plate, a number of fine "Egyptian" pieces have survived in which Egyptian massiveness and motifs are combined with pure Greek detail. A pair of candelabra in the late Sir Lionel Faudel-Phillips's collection are thoughtfully designed in the Egypto-classic style (Fig. 3). The leading motif is the Egyptian Term, a tapering shaft treated as a sheath,

and design all the visible contents. The arms engraved on it are those of Fane, Earls of Westmorland, with Child in pretence, for John, the tenth Earl, who made a run-away match in 1782 at Gretna Green with Sarah, the only daughter and heiress of the banker, Robert Child of Osterley. Robert Child died shortly after this marriage, and by his will the Child



3.—IN THE EGYPTIAN TASTE.  
CANDELABRUM, ONE OF A PAIR. 1805  
By Digby Scott and Benjamin Smith

inheritance passed to Lady Sarah Child Fane, who carried it by marriage to her husband, the fifth Earl of Jersey. The basin and ewer date a year after the marriage, and the ewer is appropriately chased with a medallion of Cupid astride on a sea-horse. The basin is decorated with applied festoons of laurel, and on the rim is a band of ornament on a matted ground (Fig. 1).

Grecian severity is the keynote of a pair of oval soup tureens (Fig. 2) decorated with lion-masks and resting upon shell and scroll feet, and having large stands with gadrooned rims and shell and foliage handles (1807). They are the work of the leading silversmith of the Regency period, Paul Storr, whose mark is met with in 1792 and who was actively engaged in business until 1839. In the same collection is a set of four entree dishes (1813) by the same maker, and another (but smaller) pair of soup tureens. Also of the Regency



4.—AN UNUSUAL KETTLE AND  
STAND. 1807  
With a Royal cypher. By John Emes



period is an unusual kettle (1807) with a pierced stand engraved with the Royal crown and the cypher C.R., by John Emes (Fig. 4). The lamp is a few years later in date.

Besides these late Georgian pieces there is some attractive early eighteenth-century silver, chiefly table candlesticks and waiters. One pair of table candlesticks (1714) bear the maker's mark, apparently M. C. for Matthew Cooper, wrongly used during the new standard period. Another very similar pair dating from 1709 is by John Jackson. There is also a table

bell (1722) by Matthew Cooper and a fine tea-kettle, stand and lamp (1731) by the well-known silversmith, Augustin Courtauld. A considerable number of the more decorative pieces in Sir Lionel Faudel-Phillips's collection are engraved with the arms and monogram of the Baron de Worms, and these were inherited from Lord Pirbright, youngest son of the first Baron, who married Sarah, daughter of Sir Benjamin Phillips. The section of foreign silver includes French, Dutch, German, and Scandinavian. The most interesting of these

is a Scandinavian peg tankard resting on pomegranate feet, which has its cover boldly *repoussé* and chased with large flowers, an eagle thumb-piece. A shield at the base of the scroll handle is dated 1688. Dating from the same period is a vigorous Baltic parcel-gilt tankard with its barrel engraved with three medallions of hunting scenes, and the cover engraved with a coat of arms. This collection comes up for sale by Messrs. Christie at Derby House on Thursday, June 12 and the following day.

J. DE SERRE.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### LONDON'S ARCHITECTURAL ADVISER

SIR,—May I correct a mis-statement that appeared in your very kind note on May 3? It is one of those errors that may cause a little pain to others though, of course, entirely unintentional on the part of the Editor.

You mention that I recently won the Open Competition for Dublin. The facts are that this competition was held as long ago as 1913 and was won by me in partnership with two surveyors, Sydney and Arthur Kelly, whose names have always been associated with it. Quite comparatively recently I was appointed consultant to Dublin (in a very similar relationship to my appointment with the L.C.C.), but again in conjunction with Sydney Kelly and Manning Robertson, well-known former London and now Irish architect.

The plan which we prepared, based generally on the competition design, but of course entirely brought up to date, has been formally approved and adopted by the Dublin Corporation.

May I thank you for the help you are giving in your support of planning both for London and throughout the country?—PATRICK ABERCROMBIE, *The County Hall, London, S.E.1.*

### FIRING THE NEW FOREST

SIR,—In *A Countryman's Notes* in your issue of May 17 the writer states that the greater part of the New Forest heather and gorse stretches is being systematically burnt off. Such an act as this fills the Nature-lover and bird-lover as well as the ornithologist with despair. How can hypothetical fires later on justify the terrible toll of bird life which this will entail at the height of the nesting season?

The heathland of the New Forest is one of the few remaining habitats of that rarity the Dartford warbler. This bird and the stonechat, another bird of the heathland, were very nearly wiped out in the great frost of the winter of 1939-40. This act will assuredly prevent any chance of recovery of these species as well as destroying countless nests of linnets, pipits, buntings and other common birds. It is to be hoped that the writer of the note is misinformed.—J. B. WATSON, M.B.O.U., *The Bear Inn, Rodborough Common, Stroud, Gloucestershire.*

### THE WERGINS STONE

SIR,—May I add a little to "M. W's" interesting note on the Wergins, or Wegin's Stone? It will be found about three miles from Hereford on the road to Sutton St. Nicholas and looks as if it may have been a Celtic menhir. Tradition also adds that it



THOMAS TRIES TO PECK THE PEACOCK in the WINDOW PANE

was moved by a "diabolic agency," which may have been either Cavalier or Roundhead, according to taste. I have been told, also, that the actual distance moved was 240 paces.—R. T. LANG, *Rothbury, Northumberland.*

### A STATUE LEFT TO ITS FATE

SIR,—Recently the Corporation of Bristol decided to keep open the Museum and Art Gallery (at a war-time cost of £6,000 p.a.) but at the same meeting refused to spend £150 to protect from Nazi bombs the finest equestrian statue in the country—the William III statue in Queen Square. Erected in 1736, it is the work of Rysbrack, and has often been the subject of a story quite untrue. This was that the sculptor was so upset at omitting the stirrups that he committed suicide!

A kinder tale, but more likely, is that when William hears the city church clocks chime 13 he gets off the pedestal and rides round the square (later named after Anne)!

The statue was recently renovated and turned to face the new City Centre and is now in the middle of the fine, two-miles-long arterial road costing £2,000,000 cut through the city.—ORANGEMAN.

### THE PEACOCK AT THE WINDOW

SIR,—The enclosed photograph, taken from indoors and looking through the glass, shows Tom V, our peacock, so called to distinguish him from previous Thomas Peacocks, at his station on the window sill where he spends much of his time. He perches here not for the purpose of looking into the room, but in order to view his deadly foe the peacock in the window pane. It is a dreadful enemy. Whatever he does it does, and when he springs at it, trying to deal it a knock-out blow, it meets him foot to foot, hard and unyielding, and he falls to the ground bruised and sore. It is no good; Tom cannot drive off this strange bird, but he is not going to give it best, and he returns to the attack.

Sometimes he finds his foe in the bright parts of cars waiting by the door, but the result is the same: the car may suffer, but the enemy remains.

Recently I watched a cock sparrow fighting its reflection in a window; robins are subject to reflection delusions, also wagtails. A chaffinch has been reported "dancing" before glass, and a case of a dipper coming daily to a window is on record. Of course in all these cases the bird imagines it is attacking a stranger of its own sex, an intruder on its territory, which it must drive away.

Tom Peacock is so strenuous about it he may end in breaking the large plate-glass pane and thus uphold the old superstition that a bird dancing before a window is a portent of misfortune.—FRANCES PITT, *Albynes, Bridgnorth*



THE FAMOUS BRISTOL STATUE OF WILLIAM III

### A GREAT FEUDAL FAMILY

SIR,—In replying to Mr. Philip H. Blake's letter from New York (April 5), I venture to quote a letter from my late friend Mr. J. Horace Round to *The Times*: "Petitions were presented to the Crown for the determination of the ancient barony of Ferrers. . . . Mrs. Dering's previous husband, Marmion Edward Ferrers, of Baddesley Clinton, had become one of its co-heirs on his uncle's death and when the claim came on for hearing in the House of Lords, this venerable lady came up to town to give evidence. . . . There is something almost tragic in the thought that it seems to be a matter of dispute who is the heir-male of this once mighty line. According to a well-known work of reference, Mr. Marmion Edward Ferrers had several first cousins in the male line; but Mrs. Dering stated in her evidence that she had never heard of them. If there should be further proceedings on the above claim, the question may be set at rest."

My old friend Oswald Barron, *Maltravers Herald*, told me that there are male Ferrers still to be found, but he added, they are Protestants and have therefore been ignored. Personally speaking, I am a Catholic, born and bred, and the "Londoner" alias *Maltravers Herald* was an old-fashioned anti-Catholic, a bigot in that sense.—WILMOT VAUGHAN, F.S.A.

### THE MOLES' COMMUNAL FLATS

SIR,—I have been much interested in the articles and correspondence in *COUNTRY LIFE* relating to Moles.

Many years ago, when living in Leicestershire, we decided to drain an arable field of about 25 acres in extent, and employed John Nickerson, the then champion drainer of England. One-third of the field was fairly level, then it sloped north-west to some low-lying meadows bordered by two brooks. When cutting a drain on the level, but near to the commencement of the sloping part, Nickerson cut into the side of the moles' dormitory and immediately beneath it another. He then came for instructions. We decided to excavate deeper, and found a third chamber. They were circular, about 18 ins. in diameter, and filled with dried grasses, etc. From each radiated many tunnels, but we found no vertical connecting shaft between the nests.

Nickerson remarked that in his long experience of draining in many parts of England he had not previously found a similar structure.—AGNES M. MITCHELL, *Broadbridge Place, Horsham.*



A WOOL WEIGHT OF QUEEN ANNE'S REIGN

### ANCIENT WOOL WEIGHTS

SIR,—London's Staple Inn takes us back to the days when wool was taxed, for in the spacious days when wool production was a major industry in England, and rich merchants built the lovely Cotswold towns and churches with the wealth gained from their sheep, the Government of the day taxed wool exports at 20s. per sack, increasing the tax in 1370 to 43s. 3d., as now they tax or limit imports to adjust our national budget.

In 1337 Parliament enacted that no wool of English growth should for the future be exported, and that all cloth-workers should be welcomed, from whatever foreign parts they came. It is recorded that Edward III granted protection to one, John Kemp from Flanders, and at the same time invited fullers and dyers to settle in this country.

The inhabitants of Bristol set up looms in their own houses under the direction of John Blanket, who was the original weaver of the woollen goods that still bear his name.

Just as wool was the staple trade of the Cotswolds, Witney's staple trade was the making of blankets from the wool. For towns originally lived on the soil of the district—High Wycombe founded its chair industry on the beech woods in the vicinity; Sheffield gained its fame for scissors and knives from the fortunate combination of suitable ore and coal lying under the surface near at hand.

Visiting the museums of such towns, you will find many an interesting relic which has a story to tell of the industries which have waxed and waned in the neighbourhood. For example, one finds exhibited in a few collections the wool-weights, a shield-shaped casting in bronze, iron, lead and even

stone; these usually have a hole in the top for hanging across the saddle in travel and on the fulcrum beam in the barn. The embossed design of the Royal coat of arms varies according to period.

In Edward II's reign charters were granted to the woollen merchants making it illegal for wool to be exported other than through recognised markets, known as "staples." This was a method of ensuring that the tax was charged on all wool intended for shipment abroad. Staples were established at Calais, Bruges and later in London, in Holborn in the famous old building known as Staple Inn. As the woollen industry extended its interests, staples were set up in Leicester, Boston, Lincoln and Stamford. These towns were all individually responsible to the Crown for collecting the dues, and each possessed weights and measures for assessing the taxes due. These weights were therefore never very numerous and their scarcity makes them the more prized by collectors.

Then, as now, immediately a tax was levied certain people invariably attempted evasion; consequently each staple found it necessary to establish tax collectors, known as tronators, who made a circuit of the area covered by the particular staple, weighing the wool and collecting the "tronage" or tax.

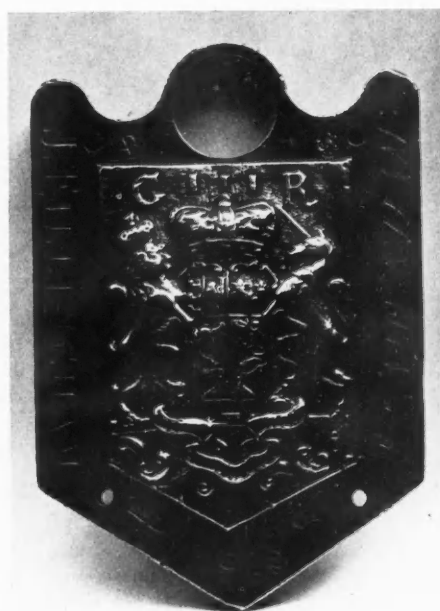
The essential part of their equipment was the set of weights, each with a hole in the top, enabling a strap to be passed through to suspend it from the horse's saddle. Hence the wool weights impressed with the official seal of the local staple.

Seven pounds was the usual weight used by the itinerant tronators, making four to the tod (28lb.). These weights were invariably cast in bronze, and will be found to weigh a tod. Cheltenham Museum is the proud possessor of a rare example hewn in stone.

The two bronze wool-weights illustrated are of Queen Anne and George III periods, shield-shaped and bearing the Royal coat of arms. The second weight, inscribed "J. Fillingham, Leadenham," dated 1818, has the mark of a dagger and coffee-pot, the assay marks of the maker. The weight of this has at some time been reduced to comply probably with a varied regulation. Although these wool-weights were used extensively as far back as the fifteenth century, most of the specimens in the hands of collectors and museums appertain to the Georgian period.—P. H. LOVELL AND G. M. OATES, *High Street, Stamford, Lincs.*

### BIRTHPLACE OF A GREAT DRAMATIST

SIR,—Many of your readers will doubtless be interested in the accompanying photograph of the home of the celebrated dramatist Congreve and may



ANOTHER BRONZE WEIGHT: GEORGE III

be surprised to learn that it is not in Eire but is at Bardsey Grange, near Leeds, Yorkshire. Congreve



BARDSEY GRANGE, NEAR LEEDS, WHERE CONGREVE WAS BORN

was born here while his mother was on a visit to her uncle, Sir John Lewis, and an entry in the Bardsey parish register records his baptism on February 10, 1669. On his monument in Westminster Abbey, his birth is stated as having taken place in 1672.—S. M., *Lancaster.*

### NEW FOREST PONIES

SIR,—Major Jarvis comments in *A Countryman's Notes* upon the way in which the New Forest ponies make themselves at home in the "highways, byways and farmlands." This photograph of a party of them on a hot day seeking shade in a village and calmly occupying the side-walk goes to prove their conviction that all places are alike to them.—M. G. S. BEST, 10A, *Cresswell Place, S.W.7.*

### THE INCREASE IN RATS

SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE, May 10, you put the question "Why are rats increasing in the country?" One of the contributing factors at least is the increase in the sugar beet acreage over the past 20 years. Formerly all rats left the fields as soon as all corn on them was eaten after harvest. Rats then went to the stacks and farm buildings, where they were concentrated and comparatively easy to deal with.

Now the rat population in the sugar beet areas have ample food in the shape of beet and beet tops right through the winter and early spring. They therefore stop in the hedgerows, are never concentrated, breed in peace, and can hardly be poisoned there owing to the abundance of food on the fields.

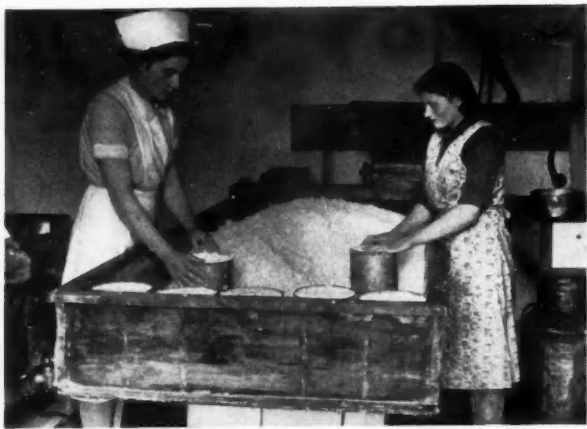
Being a sugar beet grower myself and living in an area where the progressive increase in the rat population has followed every extension of the crop, I speak from actual experience.

The problem can of course be dealt with, but it involves far more trouble, and knowledge of how to do it, than many farmers possess.—W. P.



THE NEW FOREST PONY IS QUITE ABLE TO USURP THE FOOTPATH





PUTTING CHEESE CURD INTO MOULDS

## CHEESE-MAKING IN WENSLEYDALE

SIR,—Your note on ewes' milk cheese (*COUNTRY LIFE*, May 3) serves as a reminder that this was the first kind of cheese to be made in England and that



WENSLEYDALE CHEESES IN THE PRESSES

it was a company of Cistercian monks, led by one Peter de Quincey, who introduced the craft from the Continent.

In return for a kindness shown to the Earl of Richmond, Peter was granted a plot of land in Wensleydale, Yorks, as site for the religious house which came to be known as Jervaulx Abbey. Here the monks reared sheep for their wool, and used the ewes' milk for cheese-making, milking the animals twice daily.

At the Dissolution of the Monasteries the monks' secret cheese recipe passed to the owner of neighbouring Cover Bridge Inn, and for years afterwards this particular kind of dairy produce was known as Cover Bridge cheese. Thus originated the famous Wensleydale cheese, and, save for the substitution of cows' milk for that of ewes, there have been very few changes in the methods of manufacture since those early monastic days.

I enclose two photographs taken recently at the village cheese factory at Askrigg—one of several similar establishments in the dale. In one photograph, the curd, after having been first put through the mill (seen at the head of the drainer), is being filled into moulds. The second photograph shows the moulds, each "capped" with a wooden disc known as a "follower" or "sinker," placed in the presses where they will remain for eight or ten hours. In some of the Wensleydale dairies and farms, the older type of cheese-press—in which the pressure is provided by weights fitted at either end of a long beam—is still in use.—G. B. W., Leeds.

## AN OLD SINGLE-CYLINDER CAR

SIR,—The letter from R. W. on an old motor tricycle recently published in *COUNTRY LIFE* prompts me to send you a few particulars and photograph of my first motor car of a still older vintage. This car was built in France in 1903 and made its appearance in this country in a series of public trials at Hereford in 1904 conducted by the Automobile Club of

Great Britain and Ireland (now the Royal Automobile Club). The road tests lasted over a week, and the conditions stipulated that the selling price of the competitors should not exceed £200 each. There were 38 entries. Of these 35 started on the 12 runs of 50 miles each, and 26 completed the tests. The car illustrated was the 6 h.p. Speedwell, which made seven non-stop runs and was awarded a bronze medal. I purchased the Speedwell second-

hand for £80, ran it for about five years, and then sold it to a friend for £60. He ran it for two or three years before parting with it to a tradesman who also had some years' service out of it. I think the price of the car when new was £150.

A few particulars of this reliable little car may be of interest to your motoring readers. It was driven by a vertical single-cylinder De Dion engine of 90mm. by 120mm. bore and stroke which gave 6 brake horse-power at a speed of 750 revolutions per minute. The engine was water-cooled and had electric ignition by accumulator and trembler coil. It was one of the earliest cars to be fitted with sliding gears and had two forward gears and a reverse, the drive to the live back axle being by a leather-faced cone clutch and cardan shaft and bevel gears. With two passengers it weighed about 6½ cwt. Pressure lubrication was scarcely known in those days and the engine relied on the splash of the oil in the crank case. All the other wearing parts depended upon the grease pump and oil-can.

On the Hereford trials the petrol consumption worked out at about 27 miles per gallon, or with petrol at the then price of 9d. per gallon the fuel cost was about a penny for three miles. When I bought the car it had two bucket seats only, but I found in a local coach-builder's shop a single dicky seat which had been removed from a horse phaeton, and I had this fitted on a small improvised platform at the back to accommodate my young family. The car was painted Post Office red, and conspicuous features were the two large oil lamps and a still larger acetylene head lamp. There was no protection whatever for the passengers against the weather, no doors, screen or hood, and the only spare parts carried were an inner tube for the tyres and a stand-by accumulator.

The longest run I made in one day was on Good Friday, 1906, when my wife and I started on what was then something of an adventure—a run from the south of London to Manchester, some 190 miles. The run would have been completed in the day had it not been for the intervention of an over-zealous policeman when we had completed



6 H.P. SPEEDWELL BUILT IN FRANCE IN 1903, WITH ADDED DICKEY SEAT

about 150 miles at an average speed of 14 miles per hour. We were entering a town in Staffordshire at just about lighting-up time. As we were about to call and obtain refreshments, to save trouble I lighted my right-hand driving lamp and the tail lamp, when to my surprise the policeman pulled me up and proceeded to "book" me for breach of the local bye-laws which required two front lights. My plea that one driving light sufficed in other parts of the country was not acceptable to the "bobby," so I decided to take the matter up with the Chief Constable which necessitated our staying the night in the town, thus spoiling what in those days would have been considered a very good performance. I had, however, the satisfaction of escaping prosecution and I have still an untarnished licence.

*A propos* of the motor wheel type cycle mentioned in R. W.'s letter referred to, he may be interested to learn that this bicycle was exhibited at the Crystal Palace in 1901 and I had an opportunity of riding it in the grounds. It was built, I think, by Singer's, and the small petrol motor was mounted within the rear wheel, which it drove through a counter-shaft and chain gearing.—H. RICHARDSON, Binshead, Ashton-upon-Mersey.

## A LOVER OF FLOWERS

SIR,—I expect that a great many people feel as I do that the small things of biography are often those that are most appealing. In this connection I send you a photograph of the tomb of Edward Colston (1636-1721) in All Saints Church, Bristol, with flowers on it that are renewed every Sunday. Colston's great benefactions to Bristol and many other places are well known, and his school founded on St. Augustine's Back, Bristol, and now moved to Stapleton keeps his name alive; but this posy on his tomb, renewed still after more than 200 years seems to bring the man—who loved flowers—even nearer than the tale of them or the hints of many other charities of which we shall never know. The effigy on the tomb is by Rysbrack after the portrait painted for the Corporation of Bristol in 1702.—F. R. WINSTONE, Bristol.



EDWARD COLSTON'S EFFIGY WITH THE BOUQUET, RENEWED EVERY SUNDAY

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## FARMING NOTES

## THE FARMER AND HIS RABBITS

**I**F a rabbit census could be taken now it would probably be found that the numbers of wild rabbits are fewer than in any spring for at least the past 20 years. Let me hasten to add that I am not suggesting that the war agricultural committees should be asked to add to their labours by undertaking a rabbit count throughout every district! But it is a fact that we have become acutely "rabbit conscious," and if anyone sees half a dozen rabbits playing about in a field a report is, as likely as not, made to the war agricultural committee and they soon put in a trapper. There has been no close season for rabbits in 1941. Trapping has gone on through the breeding season and the butcher and the fishmonger have been glad enough to buy rabbits of any kind.

Some farmers who declared roundly that no more rabbits could be caught on their land have been surprised and pained at the success of the committees' trappers. Pained because the arrangement is that the trapper gets £2 a week and keeps the rabbits. Having no interest in the stock of rabbits left on the land, the trapper from outside is ruthless in pursuit of the last few. One man told me that he reckoned to make £7 and £8 a week under this arrangement. At one place he had to set traps in the open with the special permission of the War Agricultural Committee, but everywhere else he was ferreting, even through April and May, when the baby rabbits held up progress. He does not hold with gassing—"a waste of good money and good food"—but some farmers are getting good results with powder pumped into the holes. The powder gives off a poisonous gas, and with the holes sealed with turves, the rabbits soon succumb. It is a good plan to go round two or three days afterwards to see if any holes have been opened up and, if so, give them another dose.

**A** HAMPSHIRE farmer complains bitterly about the damage which his landlord's pheasants are doing to his corn. I wonder whether they are really doing much harm. They may be out feeding on the corn ground, but there is no evidence that they root up the young corn. They may be after wireworms and grubs. The time when pheasants will do damage to farm crops is at corn harvest when they feed on the stooks and take their fill. Dust-bathing in the potato rows, they can also be a nuisance, exposing the young potatoes and turning them green. I have also seen them on the corn ricks taking a feed, but I do not believe that they do much damage at this season. The landlord's pheasants can be a problem. The tenant does not like to complain and make bad blood. The War Agricultural Committee has power to deal with pheasants at any time of year, and they are the people to take the matter up.

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**M**AY frosts gave a nasty set-back to the early potatoes. It is bad luck when all the grower's pains to get an early crop are brought to naught by 10 degrees of frost in mid-May. Ayrshire and Cornwall may have escaped, but in the Midlands hundreds of acres of early potatoes with the tops showing nicely in the rows were blackened. I am told that the seed quickly sprouts again but that the crop will only be a light one, the tubers being no bigger than marbles. Man for all his pains cannot always beat Nature's whims. We have devised ways of inducing seed potatoes to sprout early in trays in greenhouses, but if Nature decides against us the labour is lost and the crop is no earlier than if unsprouted seed had been planted. Some of the fruit crops have suffered badly. Black spots in the strawberry flowers bode no good, and the tree fruit has been severely thinned.

**A** GOOD many farmers intend to under-sow some of their corn this year with grasses and clovers to make a temporary ley to stand for one year or even two or more. There is a good deal of land which came up from grass for the 1940 harvest which is now carrying a second white straw crop and which really needs some measures to restore the basic fertility. This is particularly true of the lighter land which was lying in rubbishy grass with very little life in it. There was enough body to grow two corn crops, but now the orange has been squeezed and we have to give it time to fill up again with fertility if it is to grow anything worth while in the years to come. A one-year ley consisting mainly of Italian ryegrass, trefoil and red clover will work wonders on this type of land. Most of us will be so short of meadow-land next summer that such leys will probably be cut for hay.

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**I**F the ley gets a good dressing of fertiliser so that it makes strong growth there will be something worth while in the aftermath, which can be turned into the soil to build up a basis for further cropping. This is one of the possible alternatives to hurdling sheep on roofs. It is an alternative which saves labour and which is likely in practice to be more widely adopted than hurdling sheep. But a good many farmers still cherish old-fashioned ideas about the management of hurdle sheep. It need not be an exacting business if sheep are run on the arable for only part of the year and such crops as rape which are easily grown are their mainstay. There is a good deal of land which has been under the plough for years and is now in rather a foul state which ought to be fallowed this summer and put into rape for feeding off with cross-bred lambs in the autumn and winter. They would tread in some very valuable fertility and replenish this land for another corn crop in 1942.

CINCINNATUS.

## THE ESTATE MARKET

## MORE OFFERS AND ACCEPTANCES

**S**IGNS of increasing activity in the market for classes of property that have hitherto, during the war, been difficult to deal with, are discernible. Urban premises and sites in the Midlands and the northern counties are changing hands more freely, and a recorded aggregate turnover of approximately £20,000 in the last week or so includes some of those pleasant old-fashioned residences that lend such a charm to the fringe of many a small town.

Prices reflect the prevalent handicaps, such as the uncertainty about the immediate future, the possibility that it may not be easy to let the property at once, and that any idea of redevelopment must be relegated to some time after the war. Of course, too, the insistent call for the employment of funds as a means of "lending for victory" restricts the flow of money into real estate. At the same time it may be borne in mind that the vendors of property are quite as likely as ever the buyers were, to allocate part or all of their purchase money to these ends so eloquently commended by Lord Kindersley and other economists.

## PROBLEM OF DEFERRED DEVELOPMENT

**I**N practice the chief problem that would-be buyers of urban property recognise, and that the agents for vendors do not pretend to be able to solve, is the degree to which any expectation of a fully profitable handling of residential freeholds and business premises must be deferred. Take the most evident of the obstacles: the limitation of any expenditure in building to £100. In nine cases out of ten the first thing a buyer wishes to do in normal times is to remodel and improve some at least of the points of the property he buys. But he is precluded from doing so in present conditions, and the price he will agree to pay is accordingly reduced. This presses with special force on executors, who often have no option about putting a property into the market. Not only does the estate they have to administer receive much less than in a normal period, but the Exchequer benefits to a very reduced extent in the form of stamp duties and so forth, and the estate agents have to be content with reduced commission. These things are inevitable but not the less unwelcome.

In the London suburbs, the more residentially desirable, sales of good houses to a certain type of purchaser are followed by the immediate adaptation of the property for any purpose that promises a remunerative return, and amenity suffers, for the residence that had been built for occupation by a single occupier, who kept it up in good style, becomes the abode of lodgers, whose tenancy is floor by floor or even room by room. Whatever happens eventually to the houses that undergo such changes, it is certain that their reinstatement as good-class residential premises will be costly and long deferred. Indeed it is doubtful if some once favourite and first-rate suburbs will ever recover their original attractiveness. Against this, however, must be set the probable change in the tastes and habits of those who once delighted to live in a quiet and picturesque suburban neighbourhood. Not a few of those one-time suburbanites have, in the last year or two migrated to spots far from London, and they may be expected to have formed an attachment for their new homes.

## THE DEMAND FOR FARMS

**T**HE late Mrs. M. A. Foster's freehold and tithe-free property at Arlesey, on the border of Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire, Church Farm, will come under the hammer of Messrs. George Jackson and Son, at Hitchin on June 10. This firm lately co-operated with Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley in the sale, at a high price, of a large area of land near Welwyn. Church Farm, 232 acres, has a rental value of £600. Much of the land, abutting on the Hitchin road, is "zoned" for building development.

A Somerset farm of 50 acres, the freehold known as Mill Farm, at Brewham, realised £2,600, at an auction at Frome, by Messrs. Cooper and Tanner. Two or three acres in Church Street, Lower Edmonton, the freehold Hyde Field Nursery, has been sold for £1,000, by Messrs. Protheroe and Morris, the specialists in the sale of this class of property. The firm formerly had large salerooms in Cheapside, and, from the auctions conducted there, tens of thousands of plants, shrubs and bulbs used to pass weekly to adorn suburban gardens.

Staffordshire sales, by Messrs. Evans and Evans, include that of The Besoms, three acres in Brocton, near Stafford, for £5,000.

Crewkerne freehold property, 30 acres of the small-holding type, let at £115 a year, realised £2,620 at an auction by Messrs. T. R. G. Lawrence and Son.

## ON THE SOUTH DOWNS

**S**QUADRON LEADER JAMES SCRIMGEOUR has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to sell Woodcote Farm, Graffham, a choice holding in West Sussex, at the foot of the South Downs, near Petworth. The 156 acres are equipped with a number of cottages, and the buildings are modern, ample and substantial. The vendor's estate agents are Messrs. Wigley and Johnson. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley will include Woodcote Farm in their auction next month of much of the land on the Lavington Park estate. Although the preliminary announcement of the sale does not mention it, the agents can probably negotiate a sale beforehand in the event of an adequate offer.

Jointly Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. and Messrs. Eggar and Co. have sold Bentley House, formerly called Jenkyn Place, four miles from Petersham and five from Alton. The well modernised old house stands in 16 or 17 acres, between Farnham and Alton.

## A SALOPIAN MEMORY

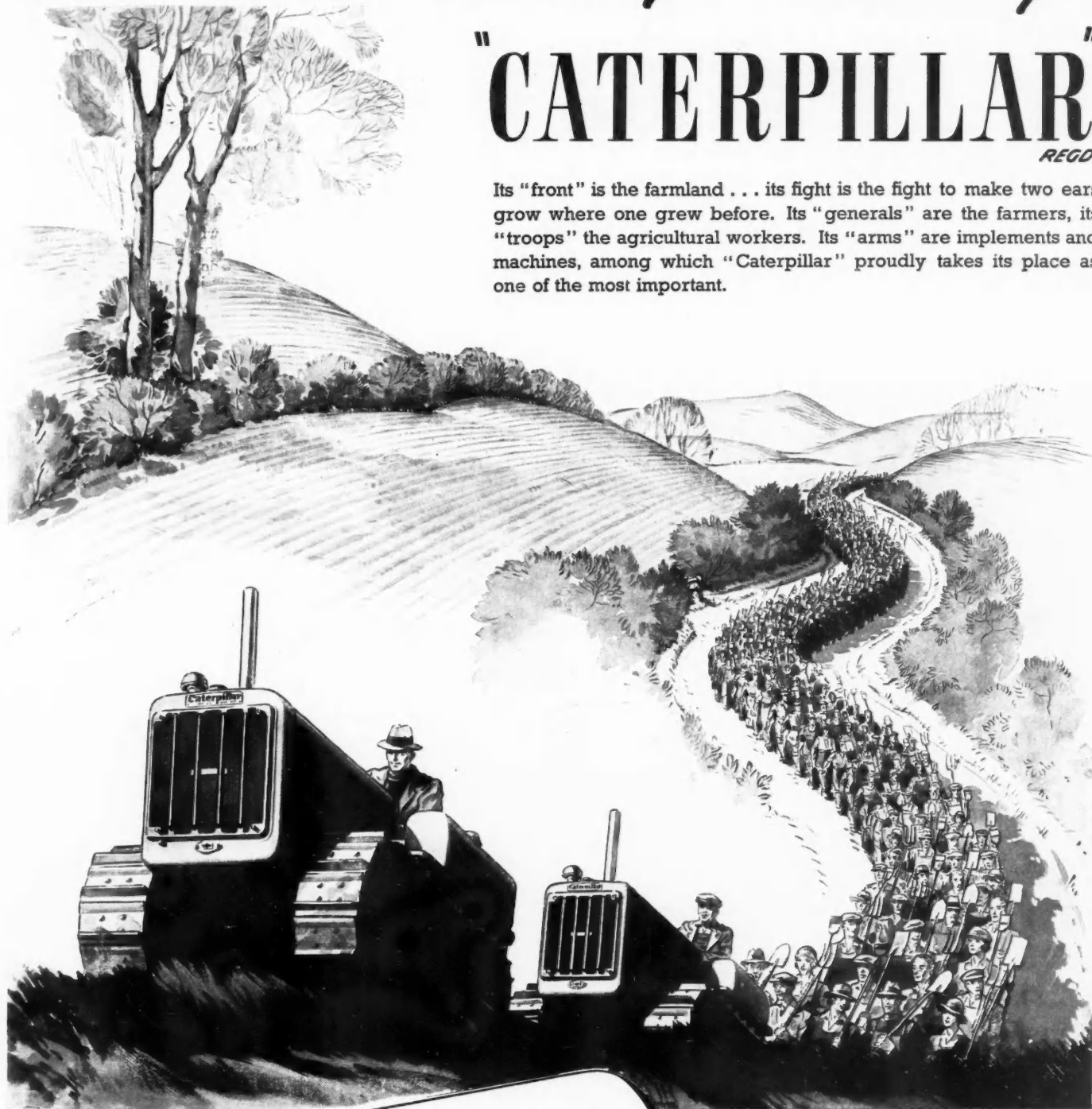
**S**HROPSHIRE sales include, at Church Stretton, 19 acres, known as Hillside, Cardington, for £370, by Messrs. Cooper and Green; and at Whitchurch, Clifton House and nearly four acres, in Coton, with immediate possession, for £1,000, by Messrs. Frank Lloyd and Sons. Reference to Church Stretton recalls the venture, some 30 years ago or more, of certain land developers, who organised auctions in the vicinity of Church Stretton. These were in some respects typical of the methods adopted by their fraternity in those days, but marked a distinct advance in others. Instead of a special train from London to convey would-be buyers to and from the place of sale in a single day, these daring innovators arranged for a whole week-end to be devoted to the proceedings. The buyers went on Thursday or Friday and returned early the following week. They were luxuriously accommodated, and the terms included the refund to buyers of whatever they had paid for the trip, provided they bought plots at the auction!

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# FOR RAIN AND SHINE

By ISABEL CRAMPTON

*It is too much to expect of our climate that it should be always possible in summer to go out in a thin frock without a showerproof, but that is not much of a hardship since the modern versions of these indispensable possessions are so light to carry and can be bought in such charming colours that they are as smart as our frocks and suits themselves. There is no reason why women of to-day should not be as attractively turned out in rain as in sunshine.*

IT is rather the thing with a good many people to grumble about the English climate—just as they do about English cooking! I think it sometimes comes from our queer national fondness—in time of peace—for thinking that the foreigner is always right, or more nearly right than we are—which has, I should think, been somewhat shaken of late. But there are, I am sure, lots of people who think that hot sunshine and blue skies all the year round would be ideal. Among them are seldom to be found any of those Empire-builders who have returned from lands where such conditions obtain. Grey skies now and then and enough rain—if not a “mort” of it—are more to their taste; as, I acknowledge, they are to mine. At the same time it can be extremely tiresome to go out dressed for a fine warm summer day and find a thunderstorm blowing up and be drenched before one can get home, or compelled to waste valuable time sheltering. Of course the solution of the problem is a light and pretty showerproof that can be carried on a doubtful day and will not, either so or worn, spoil one's dress scheme. To find anything of that sort, even to-day, in spite of all our war-time restrictions, is easy enough, for the mackintosh and the showerproof have improved beyond all recognition. Indeed I have known women who liked them so much that they welcomed an opportunity for wearing a new one, and I rather wonder whether the general complaints about wet weather may not have arisen from the repugnance of our mothers and grandmothers to having to paddle through the rain in the saddest of garments like drab-coloured, old-fashioned nightgowns.

A very good shop to go to for nice mackintoshes is Harrods (Knightsbridge), where I saw the satin-finished one shown in my photograph. It is perfectly plain and very light and, in the most charming bright clear yellow, was among one of a great many in widely different styles and colours.

From the same shop I chose, for the day of sunshine, a perfectly delightful linen suit in a delicate pink shown in the same photograph matched by a straw hat a tone darker. There were several other colours, dark and light, to be had in these linen suits which are the coolest and most dainty of wear, neat enough for war-time and pretty enough for any occasion.

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A spot where fashions which are news can generally be found is Paquin's (11, Berkeley Street, W.). I went there in search of them last week and was not disappointed. First of all there were some hats which appealed to me greatly because both shape and trimming were entirely individual. The use of high sprays of ivy or upstanding roses on hats with crinkled high-rising crowns was very good. Then, charming wooden buttons in all sorts of colours carved to resemble, roughly, shillings or farthings or sovereigns and so on, were very taking, and a blouse with a cross-over front and, inside that, a

vest with a soft but really high collar was quite novel. This was in a most lovely shade of cerise silk with a damask pattern and went with a coat and skirt in a very fine black cloth which had the most amusingly cut large revers edged with black and dull silver soutache.

A brown light overcoat cut to look like a coat and skirt in front and with the revers and the basque *mouvement*, which was cut into many small tabs, edged with a fine black silk braid of a rather lace-like quality was a bold

and completely successful attempt to introduce a new colour combination to the dressmaker's palette. Worn with a small black feathered hat and black shoes over a beautifully simple tucked frock made in palest grey jersey, it had a most distinguished effect. Paquin's version of the odd jacket, which is most useful and attractive but ubiquitous so that we may soon be a little tired of it, was in very heavy bright blue silk and cut with a wide collar and three small capes fitted to the shoulders. Very clever it was too!



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## "COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD

No. 593

### SOLUTION to No. 592

The winner of this crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of May 31, will be announced next week.

T	O	P	O	F	T	H	E	T	R	E	E	S
H	A	O	E	E	D	P	H					
I	N	V	E	R	N	E	S	S	G	R	E	T
M	E	E	L	T	A	R	S					
B	O	D	K	I	N	S	T	A	R	D	U	S
L	G											
E	N	G	I	N	E	O	B	L	I	V	I	O
L	E	A	E	M	A							
P	R	O	T	R	U	D	E	G	I	A	N	T
O	R											
M	A	I	N	S	A	I	L	B	A	R	D	I
A	A	L	C	B	T	R	I	N				
T	A	N	G	O								
U	A	T	E	R	O	E	O					
M		R	H	O	D	O	D	E	N	D	R	O

A prize of books to the value of two guineas, drawn from those published by COUNTRY LIFE, will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 593, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the **first post on the morning of Thursday, June 12, 1941.**

The winner of Crossword No. 591 is  
Miss Corisande Bridges, 28, Pembroke Road, Clifton, Bristol.

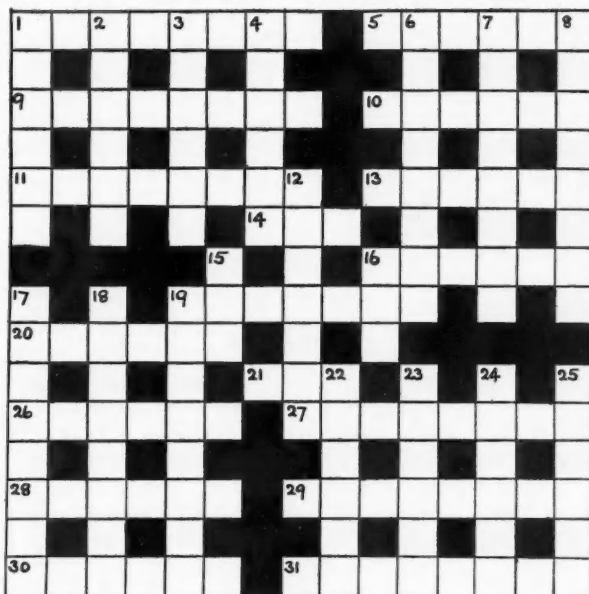
#### ACROSS.

- Better put it in the hearth than set the trees ablaze (8)
- "The isles of —, the isles of —!"—Byron (6)
- You wouldn't go inside to look at this (8)
- Altogether false, and half herbal (6)
- They sit on bodies (8)
- One hundred and fifty to start the wine (6)
- A modest fling (3)
- Am in the upset nest florally (6)
- The Horse Guard does, and the carthorse too (7)
- "Loveliest of trees, the — now —" —Housman (6)
- Stevenson's blind man in church? (3)
- Potential oaks (6)
- Rather wet pillow feathers to quell enthusiasm (two words, 4, 4)
- Banished (6)
- A fly-by-night in a Nazi shirt? (two words, 5, 3)
- Leave off (but it doesn't refer to a clout in May) (6)
- His mission is probably underhand (8)

#### DOWN.

- The picture on the wall (6)
- Jack in red? Make him late! (6)
- Sending a telegram thus might mean a barbed message (6)
- So dour, though our nostrils may judge them sweet (6)
- Locks, but what we do to the bell lets us in on it (8)
- Who beats these aural ones? (8)
- Striving (8)
- He reads confusedly when the sheep have lost their wool (7)
- Call it one at nightfall (3)
- Look out for the bishop's! (3)
- A lean finish, one might say, but with the butcher it's neck or nothing (two words, 5, 3)
- "Is posted" (anagr.) (8)
- Their pie is in a mess and quite inedible (8)
- Sheepish following for a witty fellow at one of Napoleon's victories (6)
- The dog has put his foot in the frog's families (6)
- More than half way through the coronation and all the way round the sun (6)
- Said or done so, it isn't serious (two words, 2, 4).

### "COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 593



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